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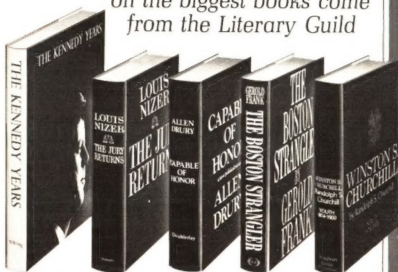


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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 18

CBS SPECIAL: CINDERELLA (CBS, 7:30-9 p.m.). Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical version of the glass-slipper classic written in 1957 specially for TV and starring Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Celeste Holm and Lesley Ann Warren. Repeat.
CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL (NBC, 9:10-10 p.m.). Highlights from Hope's holiday tour of military bases in Guam, Thailand, the Philippines and Viet Nam. Among Bob's troupers: Phyllis Diller, Vic Damone, Reita Faria (Miss World), and Les Brown and his Band of Renown.

Thursday, January 19

THE CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). *My Geisha* (1962), with Shirley MacLaine whooping it up in kimono and wig.

TO SAVE A SOLDIER (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Henry Fonda narrates a documentary recording the everyday heroism of helicopter pilots, doctors and flight nurses in Viet Nam. Repeat.

THE AVENGERS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Britain's upper-crust spy chasers, John Steed and Emma Peel, return to save democracy—or at least Her Majesty Diana Rigg and Patrick Macnee star in the first episode, "From Venus with Love."

Saturday, January 21

A.F.L. ALL-STAR GAME (NBC, 4-7:30 p.m.). Stars of the American Football League's Eastern and Western Divisions in their regular postseason Donnybrook at California's Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum.

Sunday, January 22

THE CATHOLIC HOUR (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). The third of a four-part series entitled "The Church and War"—this one focusing on "The Modern World" from the 17th century to World War II.

N.F.L. ALL-STAR PRO BOWL (CBS, 4 p.m. to conclusion). The National Football League's Western Division and Eastern Division All Stars battle it out in an exhibition game at the Los Angeles Coliseum.

BING CROSBY PRO-AM GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (ABC, 5-7 p.m.). Final rounds of the annual tournament at Pebble Beach, Calif. Don Massengale is defending champion.

THOROUGHBRED (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Racing Hall of Fame's Jockey Eddie Arcaro traces the story of a young thoroughbred named Stamp Act from birth to his first big race as a two-year-old in last summer's Saratoga \$25,000 Special, in which he placed fifth.

THE LUCILLE BALL COMEDY HOUR (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Lucy, as boss of a TV production studio, chases Bob Hope from Alaska to the Philippines before she signs him to do her "special" in "Mr. and Mrs." Repeat.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). *High Society* (1957), with Grace Kelly forced to choose between such suitors as Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby.

Monday, January 23

FAMILY AFFAIR (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). In this episode, Bill Davis' priceless butler, French, is unexpectedly called away and

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TIME, JANUARY 20, 1967

No ad man can do it justice.

If you read the ads on hi-fi and stereo, you know that every radio-phonograph from \$99 up is the absolute ultimate in thrilling, realistic, three-dimensional sound.

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Kentucky Club Mixture

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his brother Nigel (John Williams) offers to fill in as chief cook, bottlewasher and lion tamer in the motherless household of a boy and two girls—all of which leads to complications, especially when a group fishing trip is in the offing.

Tuesday, January 24

CBS NEWS (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). Harry Reasoner and Andrew Rooney join forces for another essay: "The American Woman." What is she really like and what does she think of herself?

THEATER

On Broadway

THE HOMECOMING, by Harold Pinter, is a trifle trickish and studied, but it is distinctly unlikely that Broadway will see a play surpassing it in dramatic quality during the current season. This mesmerizing drama is innately primitive, Oedipal, and conjugal, and its mythic war between the sexes ends up as that war always does: no winners, all wounded.

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT brings an antipodal pair, Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, back to Broadway once more with a jaunty, sly revue in what they call "the theater of kindness." They scramble their comic omelet with such pxy princeliness that it becomes a royal banquet of mirth.

THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL Two earnest, impoverished and slightly manic intellectuals (Anthony Perkins and Richard Benjamin) are brought to their knees by an All-American girl swimmer (Connie Stevens) who has muscles in her head as well as her arms. While the whip of wit does not crack as in his past hits, Neil Simon remains an agile jokemaster in the Broadway ring.

I DO! I DO! has an undone book, badly done music, and shamelessly done performances by two megatons of the U.S. musical stage, Mary Martin and Robert Preston. *The Fourposter*, on which this tale of a long-married, much-loving couple is based, is little more than a prop for their talents.

WALKING HAPPY is the poverty-to-prosperity saga of a Lancashire bootmaker whose station in life is raised through no fault of his own. Norman Wisdom is by all odds the hottest property of this warming musical.

CABARET utilizes expressionistic techniques to re-create the frenzied, bitter gaiety of prewar Berlin. While its framing is brilliantly brassy, its moods strikingly defined, the subject matter of the book is dull and amorphous.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL AND RIGHT YOU ARE. Sheridan's bastion of busybodies provides a showcase for the comic talents of the APA repertory company, and Pirandello's dramatic investigation into the nature of reality affords them the opportunity to keep the philosophical ball rolling with a light touch.

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE. Frank Marcus turns a harsh spotlight on a radio heroine (Beryl Reid), who plays a selfless nurse on the air—and then performs in private life as a violent lesbian terrorizing all who cross her path.

Off Broadway

EH? If Pinter and the Marx Brothers collaborated on a comedy, and dread and menace were laughing matters, *EH?* might be the result. Dustin Hoffman is properly



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RECORDS

Teen Hits

HUMS OF THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL (Kama Sutra) includes the latest chart climber, *Nashville Cats*, which exhibits the Spoonful's sunny, homespun country manner. The group is as versatile and high-spirited as any in folk-rock, and their latest "good-time music" ranges from the symphonette sounds of *Summer in the City*, complete with auto horns and a pneumatic drill, to the African-inspired *Voodoo in the Basement*, played on steel drums and a waste-paper basket. Scarcely hum drums.

SUNSHINE SUPERMAN (Epic). The fellow the kids know as Donovan, who made his fame as a sort of Scottish Dylan ("You fill your glasses with the wine of murdered Negroes"), has forsaken protest for the pipes of a psychedelic Pied Piper, leading his myriad followers to a never-ever land of "velvet thrones" and "cascading crystals" via "trans-love airways." "I will bring you gold app-uls and grapes made of rubies" he chants, weaving a seamless tapestry of fairy tales with titles like *Legend of a Girl Child Linda* and *The Fat Angel*.

PROJECTIONS (Verve Folkways). This newly successful Manhattan quintet is known as the Blues Project. But they project more than the blues in their second album, veering toward jazz in *Flute Thing*, trying out Oriental effects in *Steve's Song*, and every so often forsaking music of any kind for a cacophony of electronic chorles, whinnies, plunks and zizzles.

THE BEST OF HERMAN'S HERMITS, VOL. II (MGM). The Hermits are still the Cub Scouts of rock 'n' roll, gentle, boyish and earnest. Sample homilies from Herman, sung to a junior Beate beat: "Everybody's got to lose somebody sometime" (from *Listen People*) and "Make the most of lovin' if you're not prepared to die" (from *This Door Swings Both Ways*).

THE TEMPTATIONS GREATEST HITS (Gordy). Rhythm 'n' blues is the growing noise nowadays, challenging rock 'n' roll on the charts, and no group is truer blue or more insinuatingly rhythmic than the five Temptations. Eight of the dozen songs are by Bill "Smokey" Robinson, including those catchy classics from an earlier album, *The Temptations Sing Smokey: The Way You Do the Things You Do and My Girl*.

CINEMA

GRAND PRIX. With the help of Cinerama, Metrocolor and Super Panavision, Director John Frankenheimer has captured much of the excitement—and all of the noise—in last year's nine-race Grand Prix competition for Formula One racing cars. Top billing goes to Yves Montand, James Garner, Eva Marie Saint and Françoise Hardy, but the true stars are the cars, performing in some of the most spectacular sequences ever filmed of metal in motion.

BLOW-UP. For his first English-language film, Italian Director Michelangelo Antonioni develops a closeup of a young, successful pop photographer who accidentally records a murder while snapping candid around London. Though all the elements for an ingenious thriller are at hand, An-

tonioni underplays the whodunit and focuses instead on his characteristic concern: the gap between seeing and feeling.

GAMBIT. Michael Caine and Shirley MacLaine are paired as a burglar and his accomplice in this nonchalant comedy about "the perfect crime." Set in Hong Kong and the Middle East, the plot is a series of twists and turns that culminates in five possible endings, all incredible but still fun.

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Acclaimed as one of the best films of 1966, this screen adaptation of the Broadway play chronicles the tragic story of the conflict between Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield), a noble Christian who must stand fast to his principles, and Henry VIII (Robert Shaw), a childlike King who must have the obedience and approval of his subjects.

BOOKS

Best Reading

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN. by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. This scabrous recollection of a wretched Parisian childhood, first published in 1936, has become the schoolbook of black humorists from Genet to Bruce Jay Friedman. The new, unexpurgated translation is by Ralph Manheim.

RAKÓSSY. by Cecelia Holland. A wild fictional ride through 16th century Hungary in which Magyar does in Magyar until the Turkish invaders put a temporary end to it all at the battle of Mohács.

HAROLD NICOLSON: DIARIES AND LETTERS, 1930-1939. edited by Nigel Nicolson. A rare and engaging eyewitness account of the turbulent '30s, culled from the correspondence and journals of a civilized Englishman who seemingly went everywhere and knew everybody.

PAPER LION. by George Plimpton. Though he was a miserable failure as temporary last-string quarterback for the Detroit Lions, Plimpton succeeded in using his adventure to write the most authentic book to date about pro football.

LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE. edited by Richard Ellmann. The letters show the terrors and jealousies that were transformed into irony and humor in Joyce's great novels.

SATORI IN PARIS. by Jack Kerouac. The zealous, pie-eyed piper of the beats relates the details of a wacky safari to France in a vain effort to track down some supposed noble Kerouac ancestors.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (2 last week)
2. *Copable of Honor*, Drury (3)
3. *Valley of the Dolls*, Susann (1)
4. *The Mask of Apollo*, Renaldi (5)
5. *The Birds Fall Down*, West (4)
6. *The Fixer*, Malamud (6)
7. *Tai-Pan*, Clavell (7)
8. *All in the Family*, O'Connor (8)
9. *The Captain*, de Hartog
10. *A Dream of Kings*, Petrakis (9)

NONFICTION

1. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (1)
2. *Games People Play*, Berne (3)
3. *The Boston Strangler*, Frank (6)
4. *Rush to Judgment*, Lane (2)
5. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (5)
6. *With Kennedy*, Salinger (7)
7. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (4)
8. *Random House Dictionary of the English Language* (8)
9. *Winston S. Churchill*, Churchill
10. *How to Avoid Probate*, Dacey (10)

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



BELIEVE IT OR NOT, the communist countries of Eastern Europe are discovering the economic benefits of the profit motive. And with the discovery comes the painful realization that their present managers are woefully inadequate to rebuild their business economy along lines closer to the "free enterprise" system.

This observation comes from a recent tour of Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia. In each, government and business officials outlined the "new economies" emerging in their nation. The rate of change varies: most have some incentive wage structure and some, the rudiments of competition. Czechoslovakia seems by far the most advanced, with its own version of a market-oriented economy where profit will be the measure of success.

Managers in these countries will soon face the same problems their counterparts in the free world have wrestled with for years. Gone will be the days when the ability to wangle a low quota from high placed political friends was the mark of management ability. Hiring—and firing, motivation, goal-setting, investment policy, pricing, marketing research, advertising; all are on the horizon as economic responsibility moves from central, political control to the managers of individual enterprises. Frantic attempts are being made to set up training programs and educational courses, modeled along U.S. lines, to help them cope with these problems.

It's predictable that a manager in one of these socialist countries, who probably got there on party loyalty alone, will have to face a committee of employees and outside "consultants" from government (a socialist Board of Directors?) to explain a poor year. In the long run, we may see a switch in concern from exporting politics to exporting goods for profit, as predicted by one communist official.

Woodworkers will appreciate the new Rockwell Uniplane, latest tool in the continuing new product development program of our Power Tool Division. Really a planer and jointer in one machine, the Uniplane uses a unique, vertical, rotary cutting action. So precise it can shave a matchstick, the Uniplane is also powerful enough to give a glass-smooth finish to a 6" plank. Cuts simple and compound miters, too, in wood, plastics, pressed woods or plywoods. The Uniplane's unique cutter design, totally enclosed drive, and plastic guard make it far safer than conventional jointer/planers.

Pity the driver of the fuel oil delivery truck: he's got to negotiate icy streets, manhandle hose in the snow—then, when the delivery is done, turn account—and figure out the cost and tax due from any of three or more rates that might apply! To save drivers this time-consuming paper work—and owners the headaches of checking it—Rockwell recently introduced a Computing Printer for fuel oil truck meters. By a simple flick of a dial to the proper tax rate, the Computing Printer will figure the cost of oil delivered, the tax, and print out the total on an invoice—without the driver having to touch a pencil. And at the end of the day, the Printer's display panel gives headquarters personnel a total on the truck's volume, total dollars billed, and total tax dollars. All this in a little unit that fits on present Rockwell-Brodie meter counters, so it doesn't cost the fuel oil dealer a fortune to install.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

LETTERS

The Now & Future Kings

Sir: My husband, who teaches at Brown University, and I, who teach at the Rhode Island School of Design, are filled with enthusiasm and optimism for your young men and women of the year [Jan. 6].

Long hair and short skirts really are only variations on the crew cuts and dirty saddle shoes of our own generation, but the compassion, honesty, earnestness and lack of hypocrisy of today's student are far beyond anything that seemed possible to us.

MEG LIGHT

Providence

Sir: Thank you for honoring us with a distinction usually reserved for the great. The outcry of a generation is finally being taken seriously. All of us are for action: we see things that are wrong and demand change. We are thinkers, cool guys, picketers, students, workers, fighters, but most of all we are the future of America—and that doesn't scare us.

STEVE FORRER '69

Gettysburg College
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sir: With few magazines having guts enough to picture American youth as anything but an infectious disease, it is refreshing to find a well-rounded feature on us.

JOSEPH A. SMITH '70

Urbana College
Urbana, Ohio

Sir: You've managed to tell an entire generation what they are, who they are, and where they are. Isn't it wonderful to know someone cares?

KENNETH ROGOFF

Sewickley, Pa.

Sir: What you say about the "generational gap" puzzles me. It seems to me that just because today's kids have less embarrassment and more articulateness they communicate with their elders rather more effectively than less. Most of today's youngsters seem to me smart enough to realize that if the Old Man survived the crossing of the Rhine or did his time in the East Carrier Task Force, he's not apt to be unduly shocked by existentialism, illegitimacy or the sound of a four-letter word.

The "under 25s" are indeed mostly great people, quite prepared to meet the challenges that lie ahead. Making reasonable allowance for the changing context of the times, this is neither more nor

less than could have been said in 1957, 1947, 1937, and probably much earlier. (PROFESSOR) JOHN ROGER FREDLAND
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Sir: Perhaps the Man of the Year award should have been given to the preceding and older generation. It is their progress that has enabled us "under 25s" to read more, see more, and understand more. By observing the failures, successes and trials of our predecessors, we have come to a conclusion: Whatever we're going to do, we have to do it NOW. We can't wait, and neither can the rest of the world.

LAURIE CARLSON, AGED 15

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:



CYNDY SMITH '67

Bainbridge High School
Bainbridge Island, Wash.

Sir: I concur with your selection of Man of the Year, but as the mother of two of them I can't help being frightened. I fail to see much real altruism or idealism in my children or their friends. I see, rather, a perverted, sentimental self-centeredness. They may castigate us for money and success-grubbing, but their attitude is, "Just go right on grubbing and keep that money flowing, old drudges, because we are too fine and sensitive to drudge or do without."

Since everybody is being labeled now, may I suggest a name for my generation, who grew up in the Depression, worked like the devil to finance our own college education, graduated just in time to give five years to the war, then came back and,

while caring for elderly parents, raised our kids with all the orthodontics, encyclopedias, etc., that have made them this strong, bright generation that one college professor has described as "the brightest, most arrogant, most ungrateful group" he has ever taught. Let us call my generation, which is supposed to keep on financing the headlong, headstrong, self-indulgence of the Now Generation, the Put-Upon Generation.

J. COLBY

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir: I want to comment on an extraordinary aspect of "The Inheritor." I have lived through the floods here, and for weeks The Inheritor of all nationalities has been here in overalls, taking turns with bucket and shovel to clean out the mud from the basements, houses and shops of Florence. Silently, happily and with no recompense except a camp bed and food, the anonymous youth of the world has been aiding the tired Florentine to return to a decent home and workshop. Never before has anyone experienced such a gift to a city.

MANFREDO CAMPERIO

Florence

In the Cabbage Patch

Sir: Orchids to you, skunk cabbages to Harrison Salisbury [Jan. 6]. His reports provide fuel for the "moralists" who cry about the inevitable accidents of war in Hanau. These people are free to moralize because our men and our fathers and their fathers bought that freedom. We want our children to be free, too. If we do not stop the Communists, they won't be. Viet Nam is but one battle in our worldwide war for survival. We must win it. Bombing the enemy is one way to do that. Washington has no cause to pussyfoot. We are defending the freedom of a small nation that has asked our help; we are defending the entire non-Communist world. We have no cause for shame; we have cause for pride.

SERA BAXTER

Bethel, Alaska

Sir: When are the American people going to wake up? How many more truths have to be broken? How many more lives will it take? How many more decades of Communism's history of lies, subversion and outright aggression must we endure?

Didn't the spokesman of the Communist world, years ago, make it quite clear when he declared, "We will bury you"? Or must we cling to the hopes of our appeasers and surrender advocates for a peace at any cost? Now we are at war, as "hot" as it will ever be. Let's not get on our knees with the moral cowards who would allow America's fighting men to have died in vain, who would negotiate away our liberties, freedoms and principles every time a Commie says "nuclear." Let's not leave the job half done as we did in Korea. Let's make sure our children and grandchildren won't have to fight in the Viet Nams and Koreas of the future. Let's settle for nothing less than total victory this time.

And if we can't do that, then let's teach our children guerrilla warfare. They'll need to know it.

CORPORAL DALE T. TAYLOR

Danang, Viet Nam

Sir: How can TIME fall prey, as it seems to do, to the Administration doctrine that if we act no more ruthlessly than the enemy we are justified in acting ruthlessly? Surely the love of God and our Western

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values compel us to choose a better standard of personal and national conduct.

ROBERT A. FISH

Washington, D.C.

Sir: First it was Herb Matthews, then that other Times reporter in South Viet Nam at the time of the assassination of Diem, followed by Tom Wicker and now Harrison Salisbury. How much more slanted reporting do we need before the New York Times begins to lose its reputation as a great newspaper? Why, it's not a newspaper at all, but an artfully contrived propaganda device.

WILLIAM MITCHELL

Denville, N.J.

Sir: We in Asia owe a great debt of gratitude to the American nation and a greater debt to the gallant young men who are dying every day in South Viet Nam. No other nation in the history of the world has made such supreme sacrifices for a principle. The Viet Nam war is a war against China and her designs, not an attempt to force a system of government on South Viet Nam. We in this part of the world thank the U.S. Government and the young men who are risking their lives to make life safe for us.

M. C. NAIR

Selangor, Malaysia

Rights & Responsibilities

Sir: The view that the attack on Congressman Adam Clayton Powell [Jan. 13] is an attack on Negro political power is patently absurd. There are several Negroes exercising greater power than Powell (if only because they are not absent from their posts so much). In spite of their greater power, they are not under attack, because they are exercising their power as effective and responsible spokesmen both of their race and of their constituents.

The color of a man's skin should not deprive him of his rights as a citizen, nor should it deprive him of his responsibility as a citizen to uphold our country's laws.

CHARLES EDGAR TOMPKINS III

Oklahoma City

Sir: I admire Adam Powell's deliberate ignoring of the investigations of his affairs. What Representative Wayne Hays is trying to say but doesn't have the guts to say is, "Adam, don't do as we white Congressmen do, do as we say."

A. C. BAILEY

Pittsburgh

Sir: The fundamental tragedy in Negro leaders' supporting Powell is that they are displaying an appalling sense of the importance of race rather than a concern for the rule of law. Let us hope that Negro leaders will demonstrate the readiness of the Negro to stand beside the white man by their stand for the defense of law and equity, and for the defeat and destruction of misuse of authority and power by persons of whatever color.

(THE REV.) JOHN B. NICELEY

Holly Springs Baptist Church
Holly Springs, N.C.

Blue Chip Investment

Sir: Writing about James G. Johnston and his \$1,500,000 gift to the University of Redlands [Jan. 13], you are correct in saying that "he had never so much as seen Redlands," but he thought carefully about it before giving. I know because I made the proposal to Mr. Johnston and played catalyst between him and Redlands. He acted on the basis of much reading and

Our men are good at temporary work

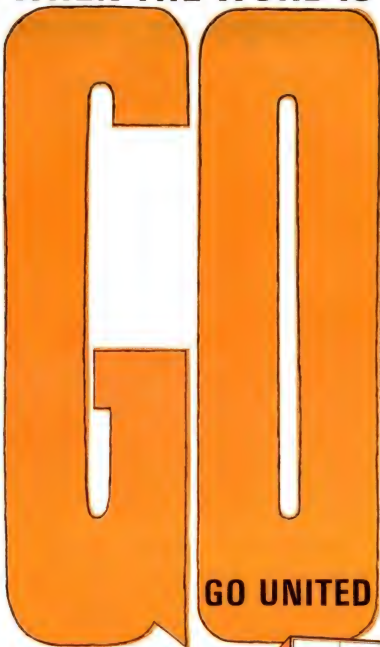


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of several discussions with me and with his lawyers over a period of eight months.

DWAYNE ORTOW
Chairman, THINK Editorial Board
IBM
Manhattan

Grandfather Goose

Sir: TIME's usually thorough researchers did not go far enough into the ancestry of the Ford "Tin Goose" [Jan. 6].

William B. Stout was not its "original designer" but rather the visionary promoter who persuaded Henry Ford to make three-engined passenger aircraft.

The first version was created in the Stout Metal Airplane Co. (which Ford partly owned) by nongreasing a single-engined plane, the "Stout Air Pullman." Only one of these bulbous-nosed trimotors was made flyable, and it was flown only once. Immediately after its hair-raising test flight, the pilot, Shorty Schroder, went to Ford and for several hours heatedly described its ungainliness and capricious lift characteristics. The next day Ford bought Stout's company.

My father was hired by Ford's chief engineer and given a free hand to design the Ford Tri-Motor. It is to Tom Towle, a relatively unknown aviation pioneer, that credit should go for designing the Tin Goose, with its legendary lifting power, durability and structural integrity. He is the real grandfather of the Bushmaster 2000, son of Tin Goose.

AUSTIN C. TOWLE
Cincinnati

His Mug Runneth Over

Sir: The leftist camp sometimes produces a man of such honesty that he cannot help attacking folly everywhere.

Such an old warrior is Malcolm Muggeridge [Jan. 6]. "Compulsive readability" he has indeed, but deeper yet, the reader senses a whole man, responding to the falseness, betrayal and insatiety (to use Philip Wylie's expression) of much of modern life. It will be sad if Muggeridge ever rebounds all the way over to the tight little camp of religious orthodoxy. Understandable, but sad. For then free men might lose a vigorous spokesman, standing in the unafraid position of Emerson's thinking man, sending out his shafts wherever merited.

"It is greatly to be hoped" that Muggeridge will remain, as Orwell characterized Dickens, "a free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred by all the smelly little orthodoxes which are now contending for our souls."

GORDON WILSON
Detroit

Address letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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1. Pull-ups:
Boys: How many times
can you pull your chin
up to the bar?
Girls: Pull your chin
up to the bar.
How long can you stay
in this position?

3. 50 yard dash:
What's your best time
for 50-yard dash?

2. Sit-ups:
To make the team,
girls must do 50 sit-ups,
boys 100.



Every boy and girl 10 to 17 is eligible.
This is a new kind of All America Team.
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boys have no advantage over girls.
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not ability in one sport.

Competition is with boys and girls the same age.

Boys and girls who make the team will receive from
President Johnson an award and a badge, proving
they have strength, speed and endurance.

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Tryouts will be held in schools all over the country.

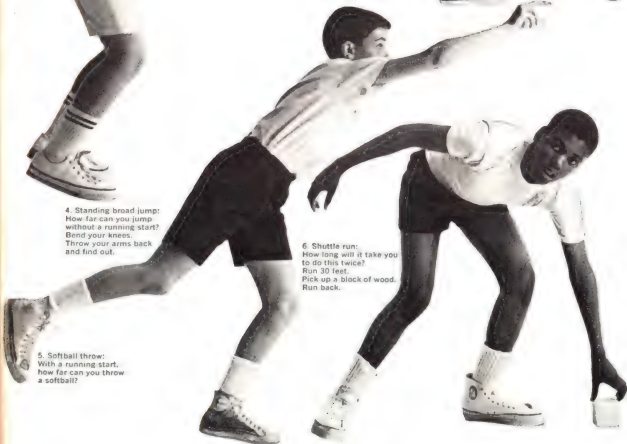
The 7 exercises are right on this page.



4. Standing broad jump:
How far can you jump
without a running start?
Bend your knees.
Throw your arms back
and find out.



7. 600-yard run-walk:
Can you make it
around the outside of a
football field twice
without pooping out?



6. Shuttle run:
How long will it take you
to do this twice?
Run 30 feet.
Pick up a block of wood.
Run back.

5. Softball throw:
With a running start,
how far can you throw
a softball?

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Bernard M. Auer

TIME, JANUARY 20, 1967



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 20, 1967 Vol. 89, No. 3

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Cautious, Candid & Conciliatory

Restrained in tone, candid in content, almost Trumanesque in verbiage, Lyndon Johnson's fourth State of the Union address was a marked departure from the sagebrush grandiloquence that has infused most of his major pronouncements as President.

Only once last week, in an impromptu departure from his 13-page single-spaced text, did Johnson mention the Great Society. He invoked God just once and evoked youthful memories of poverty and the Federales not at all. What he did present to the 90th Congress—and a prime-hour TV audience estimated at 65 million—was a pragmatic, sometimes prosaic outline of legislative aims tempered both to the conservative climate of Capitol Hill and the economic realities of a society that is inextricably involved in a costly war abroad while deeply committed to social reform at home.

Whether describing his Administration's domestic programs or its foreign commitments, the President offered no reason for retrenchment or retreat. On the contrary, his proposals for the coming year envision a continuing if judicious expansion of past and present canons: further development of the model-cities program, extension of Medicare, strengthening of the Head Start program, new teeth in consumer protection, more national beautification, improved partnership between federal and local governments.

"Whither Tending." His major surprise—and it was a mild one—was his request for a surcharge of 6% on both corporate and individual income taxes to go into effect July 1 and last for two years, or less if the Viet Nam war ends. Beyond that, the speech was cautious and uncontroversial.

The President took his keynote theme from Lincoln: "We must ask 'where we are and whither we are tending.'" Indeed, until Johnson actually began to speak, almost no one had any notion whither he would tend. Newsmen got

no hint of the President's plans during his long, sequestered sojourn at the L.B.J. ranch. At the White House, security precautions were so rigid that reporters were barricaded out of hearing range of the typing pool so that they could not eavesdrop on secretaries proofreading the speech aloud. Johnson held his options open until the eleventh hour, ordering innumerable page-by-page rewrites—mostly by outgoing Press Secretary Bill Moyers, chief writer of

made up his mind to ignore outrageous slings and arrows and concentrate on the duties before him.

Johnson's speech gave surprisingly short shrift to past achievements. And, possibly in reaction to recent complaints from Democratic Governors, the President was disarmingly frank about the problems created by the avalanche of social legislation enacted under his aegis. He required that his Great Society "required trial and error, and it has produced both." And he averred with unwonted humility: "As we learn through success and failure, we are changing our strategy, and we are trying to improve our tactics. . . . Where there have been mistakes we will try very hard to correct them."

Modest & Esoteric. Johnson also conceded that his "greatest disappointment" in the economy had been the year's "excessive rise" in interest rates and the subsequent tightening of credit. Admittedly, there had been bright spots; and he reeled off a Johnsonian catalogue of positive statistics to prove it: unemployment at the lowest rate in 13 years, after-tax family income up nearly 5% over last year, corporate profits up more than 5%, G.N.P. up 3½%, farm income up 6%. To bolster his request for a tax rise, he dispensed some revealing budget figures. Federal expenditures for fiscal 1967 (which ends June 30) will reach \$126.7 billion, nearly \$10 billion more than expected revenue; spending in fiscal 1968 will rise to \$135 billion, causing a deficit of some \$8 billion.

Many of his proposals seemed surprisingly modest and oddly esoteric for the occasion. He recommended new help for American Indians and migrant workers, research aimed at preventing massive power failures, tougher safety precautions for natural-gas pipelines, development of educational television. He urged legislation to outlaw "all wiretapping, public and private, except when the security of the nation itself is at stake." Another unexpected recommendation was Johnson's plea for an "all-out effort to combat crime." The President



JOHNSON DELIVERING STATE OF UNION ADDRESS
Tempered both to the climate and the realities.

the speech. Not until 5½ hours before he was to speak did he iron out the final dimensions of the tax hike. Even as he dressed in his White House bedroom, an hour before leaving for Capitol Hill, Johnson was scribbling new lines on his copy.

Lessons of Failure. When he entered the chamber of the House of Representatives, the assembly rose and gave him an unusually warm round of applause that lasted for nearly two minutes. As the President stood on the podium, he looked healthier than he had in many a month. His hair was a bit thinner and greyer, but an expensively tailored suit and a specially cut shirt collar helped give him a trim look. His manner was that of a man who had

In general, nonetheless, Johnny drew surprisingly little criticism. The New York Stock Exchange, which had begun a rise six days earlier, dipped quickly the morning after the speech but rallied within hours and, in a gigantic trading day, closed 8.35 points higher than it opened, and then kept up its steam all week (see U.S. BUSINESS). On Capitol Hill, key finance-committee leaders from both parties predicted that Congress would probably not rush consideration of a tax hike, since the President had not indicated that it was an emergency measure. But they were confident

Republicans is the dwindling effectiveness of the Democratic leadership, particularly in the House, which holds the ultimate key to the legislative record of the 90th Congress. Restive Democrats ignored the party line laid down by 75-year-old Speaker John McCormack and Majority Leader Carl Albert (under doctor's orders to ease up after last year's heart attack), in refusing to seat Adam Clayton Powell (see following story). Earlier, a Democratic caucus had flouted McCormack's wishes and voted to kick out the Clerk of the House, Ralph Roberts, a widely disliked 16-year veteran in that post.

McCormack and Albert suffered another defeat on the House floor when Republicans, led by Gerald Ford, mustered a 224-196 vote against a Democratic move to adopt the same procedural rules that had governed the 89th Congress. It was a big show of muscle on a minor matter, and a clear portent of the ambushes ahead.

President Johnson has also divined the latent obstacles, and in his State of the Union address he pointedly avoided several prickly proposals that could stir up the membership. These included repeal of the Taft-Hartley Law's famed 14-B (right-to-work) section, rent subsidies and tough new civil rights proposals.

Keeping the Faith

Lolling at the bar of Washington's Congressional Hotel last week, Adam Clayton Powell looked the very picture of cavalier confidence. Back from a two-month sojourn with his comely receptionist on the Bahamian isle of South Bimini, the Harlem Democrat bragged of his angling prowess. "Are you worried?" asked a reporter. Replied Powell: "Do I look it?" What would he say to the Democratic caucus? "I'm going to tell them," he purred, "to keep the faith, baby."

Congress did indeed keep the faith—with itself and the American people. In the next 48 hours, Powell's House colleagues coldly cashiered him from the chairmanship of the perquisite-rich Education and Labor Committee, and then barred him, at least for the nonce, from taking his seat in Congress.

Powell is a Congressman without a constituency, for the minute he goes back to his New York City district he risks being clapped in jail under contempt of court sentences, which total 16 months and spring from his failure to pay a libel judgment to a Negro widow. That and his alleged gross misuse of committee funds for his own enjoyment were the reasons for his disbarment. The action was as unexpected as it was unprecedented. Not in the 56-year history of the House's seniority system had a committee chairman been sacked for any sin other than party disloyalty.

Thunderclap of Ayes. The 90th Congress' crushing consensus was evident from the start of the session. The first move was up to the Democrats, and aging Speaker John McCormack declared

himself opposed to any disciplinary action. But he quickly ran into a buzz saw of revolt. Liberals led by Morris Udall of Arizona, brother of Interior Secretary Stewart, angrily told the Speaker of constituent pressure to do something about Powell. Shouted Udall: "I've got to go back to my people!" Insisted McCormack: "We shouldn't how to it."

But how they did—in part perhaps because of a Lou Harris poll reporting that public confidence in Congress had plummeted from 71% a year ago to 54%. When the Democratic caucus convened, Udall offered a resolution to strip Powell of his chairmanship, stipulating that he would nonetheless battle

lynching, Northern style," sneered at Udall ("He's a Mormon—they don't allow Negroes in"), compared himself to Dreyfus and Jesus Christ ("Jesus had only one Judas, but I had about 120"), and exhorted "all black people" to "take the scalpel of black power."

Even as he raved, the Republican caucus was drawing up its own resolution. Next day, with the great bronze doors of its formal entrance closed and locked against a possible invasion by Negroes gathered in front, the full House convened. Powell, resplendent in dark blue suit and canary yellow shirt, stood in the rear of the chamber casually pulling on a thin cigar. But his face



POWELL ABOUT TO LOSE HOUSE SEAT
Indeed they did, baby.

on the House floor to seat Powell pending a probe of his conduct. Declared Udall: "The people have the right to pick the Representative they want, but they do not have the right to tell the House who shall be chairman of a powerful committee."

A "McCormack substitute" devised by the Speaker, which would have merely suspended Powell from his chairmanship pending investigation, went down in humiliating defeat, 122 to 88. Then, in a thunderclap of ayes, Udall's resolution was shouted through by voice vote. The action handed Powell's chairmanship to the committee's second-ranking Democrat, Carl Perkins, a quiet Kentuckian and moderate liberal.

Jesus & Dreyfus. After the vote, standing by House Majority Leader Carl Albert's desk, Powell appeared close to collapse. He clasped the desk with both hands, began shaking, started to weep, finally walked out of the chamber. Before a crowd of Negroes awaiting him on the Capitol steps, he soon returned to form. He branded the action "a

went grim during the swearing-in when California's Lionel Van Deerlin, making good on a longstanding vow, exercised his prerogative of demanding that Powell stand aside. And Powell gazed solemnly at the ceiling as Udall, by prearrangement with McCormack, stood up to offer a motion that Powell take his seat pending an investigation of his "final right" to do so.

"Haven for Fugitives." Then it was House G.O.P. Leader Gerald Ford's turn to submit his resolution, which called for barring Powell first and investigating him afterward. Supporting the Republican proposal, Democrat Van Deerlin ridiculed contentions that Powell had not had his day in court. "Nearly a dozen judges in New York State," he countered, "will tell you where the fault lies. If election to the House carries a license for scoundrels, if this chamber is to become a haven for fugitives, then I say God help the Congress!"

Granted the floor at the behest of the Democrats, Powell delivered a

mumbling, rambling soliloquy distinguished by a crude threat of political blackmail. "There is no one here," he snarled, "who does not have a skeleton in his closet. I know, and I know them by name." Concluded Powell: "Gentlemen, my conscience is clean [*snickers in the gallery*]. All I hope is that you have a good night's sleep tonight."

Negro Summit. Moments later, on a roll-call ballot, the House overwhelmingly rejected, 305 to 126, Udall's compromise. Then it adopted, by the even more staggering margin of 364 to 64 (the latter all Democrats), the G.O.P. substitute decreeing that, pending an investigation, Powell "shall not be sworn in or permitted to occupy a seat in this House." It was the first time since 1920 that a member-elect had been excluded from the chamber. Under the resolution, Powell will continue to enjoy his congressional \$30,000-a-year salary, office and expense allowance, while McCormack appoints a committee of five Democrats and four Republicans to carry out the probe. The committee is to report within five weeks, but the period could be extended.

In the aftermath, Negroes from Julian Bond to Stokely Carmichael denounced the House's action. Even notably moderate, responsible Negro leaders such as Martin Luther King were angered, contending that Powell is not the only Congressman deserving of censure—and indeed nobody expected a stampede by Congress to adopt a long-needed, enforceable code of conduct for all. In New York City, save-Powell propaganda was mailed out under cover of stationery bearing the mark, and postal meter cancellation, of Harlem's Powell-ruled HarYou-Aet agency, which is financed in part by federal funds. Civil rights Patriarch A. Philip Randolph announced a "summit conference" of Negro leaders to plot a campaign to win back Powell's seat. It could well prove a lost cause.

Entering Quietly

While Adam Clayton Powell postured and protested, the first Negro ever popularly elected to the U.S. Senate last week quietly took his seat in Congress. After a courtly reception from his new colleagues, Edward William Brooke III, the junior Senator from Massachusetts, walked outside and saw about 1,000 demonstrators waiting for Powell who was in the House being denied his seat. Cracked Brooke later: "I guess you get more attention when you're going out than when you're coming in." Not so, Senator. At a reception that afternoon, Brooke was overwhelmed by up to 5,000 well-wishers—Negroes and whites alike—who flocked to welcome him and wish him success.

The day before he was sworn in, by contrast, Brooke attracted little attention as he visited the Senate gymnasium, played tennis with Oregon's junior Senator-elect Mark Hatfield, enjoyed a sauna bath and massage, and used the Senate barbershop and dining room. Then, on the "big day," as he called it, Republican Brooke, 47, was escorted by Massachusetts' Democratic Senator Edward Kennedy down the multicolored carpet of the Senate chamber to stand before Vice President Hubert Humphrey for the swearing-in ceremony. Brooke modestly shook hands with dozens of Senators, including segregationists, met fellow-Republican Freshmen Clifford Hansen of Wyoming, Charles Percy of Illinois and Howard Baker of Tennessee, and took his seat just across the aisle from Georgia Patriarch Richard Russell, leader of the Southern Democrats, who greeted him cordially.

He was "Senator" or "Mister Brooke" to his colleagues the first day; the second, he was "Ed." Several times he was the only Senator on the floor other than the presiding officer and the Senator speaking. "I want to learn," he said. "That's why I was there."

THE ADMINISTRATION

A Sense of What Should Be

[See Cover]

When he quit the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in 1962, Secretary Abraham Ribicoff described it as the "department of dirty water, dirty air and dirty looks. I feel sorry for the so-and-so who is going to take my place." One of his predecessors, Marion Folsom, an Eisenhower appointee, complained: "They expect you to know everything, and it's just not possible." One Congressman has called the department "a nightmare," another "a monstrosity." Others call it the Department of Headaches—or, more specifically, the Department of Wealth, Aggravation and Hellfire.

John William Gardner, 54, the so-and-so once removed from Ribicoff (former Cleveland Mayor Anthony Celebrezze came in between), takes wry pleasure in recalling the bloodcurdling things he heard about his sprawling domain when he first took over in August 1965. Then he adds: "I think that people just don't say that any more."

HEW's sixth secretary in its 14 years, Gardner has even more problems to cope with than any of the others, but he hardly seems disgruntled by the dimensions of the job. With characteristic wit, he once described his concerns as "a series of great opportunities brilliantly disguised as insoluble problems." But as head of a department with a \$12.3 billion budget (plus \$25 billion more for social security), 150 programs and 100,000 employees, Gardner derives pride from the fact that he is quite literally the construction boss of Lyndon Johnson's visionary effort to build a Great Society. He is a Republican, but he wholly subscribes to Democrat Johnson's dreams for a better nation. "This department touches every American, from the preschool child to the elderly," said Gardner when he accepted its command. "It has been handed an absolutely staggering set of assignments that can result in enormous good to the American people. It must be well-managed. That is an exciting challenge."

Cash Flood. The challenge has been made doubly exciting—and devilishly difficult as well—by the congeries of social and economic reforms to which the Johnson Administration has committed itself in the past three years. The 89th Congress put no fewer than 136 major domestic bills on the books, and nearly everybody from federal administrators to municipal bookkeepers has been overwhelmed as a result. "Our aspirations," says Gardner, "have outrun our organizational abilities."

Medicare was one instance. Though HEW officials prepared for its introduction with what the President called "just about the largest single management effort since the Normandy invasion," there were inevitable bottlenecks. As the program got under way, hospitals had 50% of their Medicare forms



HANSEN, PERCY, BROOKE & BAKER
Pretty soon, it was first names all around.

bounced back because of errors, causing two-month delays in payment and forcing some of them to seek short-term loans from banks.

The 1965 Elementary and Secondary Education Act was another example. Title I of the act, a \$1 billion program to upgrade the schooling of poor children, held vast promise. But the cash it released hit many areas like a flash flood, running off before it could be absorbed. Illinois, for example, was able to use only \$52 million out of the \$61 million authorized. "It's like having \$50 million to spend in your local Woolworth store," said an Illinois educator.

Focus on the Future. So rapidly have programs multiplied that fragmentation and lack of coordination are chronic. The inevitable consequence has been a withering fusillade of criticism aimed at the Great Society. Democratic Governors complained to Johnson that his programs had sown confusion in their states by gorging them with cash and concepts that they were simply not prepared to handle. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has urged the 90th Congress to conduct a "top-to-bottom" re-evaluation of Great Society programs to repair "rough edges, overextensions, overlaps, and perhaps even significant gaps." Congress seems more than willing to oblige.

Can the Great Society, in fact, be built—and managed? John Gardner, who bears more responsibility than any other official save the President for answering the question, is confident that it can. A tall, trim (6 ft. 2 in., 175 lbs.), handsome man with deep-set brown eyes and a classical nose that, according to his mother, acquired its Roman cast by getting broken in a high school football scrimmage, Gardner remains imperturbable in the midst of the tempest. As president of the philanthropic Carnegie Corporation for ten years before joining the Government, Gardner has long been accustomed to focusing on the future rather than on passing squalls. Thus he sees the uproar over the Great Society as nothing more than "whitecaps on a very deep sea." And he has gone right on probing beneath the surface.

Besides, Gardner has a commitment to the ideal of the Great Society that antedates even Lyndon Johnson's. In 1961, three years before the President's now-famous speech at Ann Arbor, Mich., Gardner wrote in a provocative essay called *Excellence* that Americans "long, long ago were committed, as free men, to the arduous task of building a great society—not just a strong one, not just a rich one, but a great society."

Last week alone, he and HEW were embattled on half a dozen fronts in their efforts to achieve that vision. The department:

► Threatened to cut off \$95.8 million in federal welfare funds for Alabama unless the state complied with desegregation guidelines by Feb. 28. Alabama



GARDNER WORKING IN CAR

An 18th century man with a clear view of tomorrow.

authorities had plainly doubted that Gardner would leave some 200,000 welfare recipients without funds, but he felt that he had no choice. "If we don't move," he said, "our policies with the other states are a hollow shell."

► Warned the board of education in Chicago, where only 13% of the city's 500,000 pupils attend integrated schools, that it too may face a cutoff in federal funds. At the same time, HEW teams were studying patterns of segregation in 45 other cities, a signal that Gardner may be preparing to take action in the hypersensitive area of *de facto* segregation.

► Urged New York and New Jersey to adopt more stringent controls over what one HEW official described as "the worst, most critical" air pollution in the U.S. The air is so foul, said a Public Health Service official, that "if it were subject to the pure food and drug laws, it would be illegal to ship it interstate because it's unfit for human consumption." Or for anything else, in fact: a study showed that Cleopatra's Needle, a stone obelisk in Manhattan's Central Park, has deteriorated more during 86 years of exposure to New York's contaminated atmosphere than in its 3,500 years in Egypt.

► Called on tobacco companies to print the precise amounts of tar and nicotine in their cigarettes on every pack and in every advertisement as well.

► Announced the establishment of a special Center for Community Planning designed to link the frequently fragmented efforts of HEW and other departments such as Housing and Urban Development "in a total program for human betterment" in U.S. cities.

For all that activity, Gardner would be quick to concede that the Great Society's gravest problem is not a lack of financing. "The need for money is less acute than the need for new ways to

use it," says Gardner. "We vote billions into old channels. If we are going to get the job done, the money should be used to find better ways of doing it."

Among the Many. Gardner has probably devoted as much energy to seeking new channels as any man in the Government. He is well aware that a strong central authority is necessary in a nation as vast as the U.S. At the same time, among the aphorisms that he has been collecting for the past 36 years, there is one from Thomas Jefferson that he particularly cherishes. "No, my friend," said Jefferson in a letter, "the way to have good and safe Government is not to trust it all to one, but, to divide it among the many, distributing to everyone exactly the functions he is competent to."

What is needed, as Gardner sees it, is the development of an entirely new series of relationships in the name of "creative federalism." Already, he says, "the Federal Government has established a wide array of partnerships—not just with state governments, but also with local governments, with universities and hospitals, with voluntary agencies and professional associations, and with the whole of the business world." Under Medicare, an extraordinary partnership has been forged involving 6,750 hospitals, 2,500 nursing homes, 250,000 physicians, 107 Blue Cross and Blue Shield programs, 26 private insurance carriers, all 50 state health agencies and several branches of HEW.

To Gardner, the great weakness in the complex, interlocking chain is the fact that "most state and local governments do not have the vitality and competence to play their role in an effective partnership with the Federal Government." In all 50 states, no more than a handful of education commissioners are regarded as good administrators; nearly half are elected politicians. For

men of superior talents, the glamour is in Washington, not in Albany or Austin: the money is in business, not in a city council or a zoning commission.

Unproductive Clichés. One key to the ultimate success of this process of partnership and interpenetration is the business community. Only recently, a paranoid distrust poisoned relations between the private and public sectors of the nation. There remain quite a few holdouts in both camps, but the instances of cooperation between the two are growing, notably in the space program and in the development of new educational tools.

The biggest role for business may lie in the future, when the U.S. sets out in earnest to reinvigorate its deteriorating urban centers. "In improving our cities," Chase Manhattan Bank President David Rockefeller recently told a Senate hearing on urban problems, "capital

tions"), and Gardner picked men for the jobs.

As Commissioner of Education, he named former Scarsdale Schools Superintendent Harold Howe II, 48, a skillful administrator whose choice reflects Gardner's lifelong crusade for better education. The ultimate purpose of education can move this ascetic, unflappable man to evangelistic fervor. "The idea of individual fulfillment within a framework of moral purpose," he says, "must become our deepest concern, our national preoccupation, our passion, our obsession." What rankles him is the fact that so few educators seem to share his concern. Only a fraction of 1% of all the billions spent on education goes to research. In many American schools, says a former HEW education official, the prevailing attitudes are "inflexibility, defensiveness and insularity," making them "fortresses against

onto HEW's programs to determine which were paying off best. Gorman is engaged in providing the information that Gardner will need for decisions such as whether money is better spent on vocational education, or job retraining, or increased aid to poor schoolchildren. One startling fact uncovered by Gorman: an advertising campaign to persuade automobile drivers to use seat belts saved one life for every \$88 spent; an extensive educational effort to train drivers saved one for every \$88,000.

Gardner is also trying to restructure his own department in two ways. Vertically, he aims to consolidate its eight existing agencies into three major bureaus with separate secretaries for Health, Education and—instead of the New Dealish-sounding Welfare—Individual and Family Services. That would give it a structure roughly akin to the Pentagon's, with its Secretaries of the Army, Navy and Air Force and a Defense Secretary above all. He is also contemplating a horizontal reorganization, moving men of similar skills from one agency to another rather than leaving them to grow stale in one office.

Key to the Door. When the department was created in April 1953, all three levels of Government plus private individuals and groups in the U.S. were spending \$42 billion a year on health, education and welfare. Today the figure is \$95 billion, including \$40 billion on health, \$45 billion on education, \$10 billion on welfare. Shortly before Gardner took office, Johnson signed two bills of historic importance. One was the \$1.3 billion Elementary and Secondary Education Act, which he called "the key that can unlock the door to a Great Society." The other was Medicare. Together, the two bills guaranteed that HEW would be the real engine of the Great Society.

Today, in advance of Gardner's reorganization plan, it is still a hodgepodge of eight disparate agencies. In the past, they have often behaved like independent satrapies; under Gardner's cross-pollinating influence, they are growing less parochial and are beginning to look beyond their borders. The eight:

- **SOCIAL SECURITY ADMINISTRATION.** The biggest and probably best-run HEW agency, it spends \$1 billion a year administering payments of \$25 billion to 21.7 million Americans.

- **OFFICE OF EDUCATION.** Once a haven for musty-minded traditionalists, OE was given new life by Sputnik and turned into a giant by Lyndon Johnson. Its \$3.9 billion budget is 100 times greater than it was in 1950, and it promises to keep growing. In the past three years, Congress has enacted 24 major education bills that affect almost all of the 54 million students in the U.S. Eventually, the Office may also get the preschool children of the poverty war's Head Start program. To ensure that Head Start momentum is not lost when slum children enter grammar school,



MEDICARE PATIENTS UNDERGOING PHYSIOTHERAPY IN CHICAGO
The need is less for money than for new ways to use it.

investment is needed on an immense scale—an estimated \$5 of private capital for each \$1 of public funds."

National Preoccupation. Within his own department, Gardner is experimenting with a spate of solutions to what he calls the "crises of organization" that afflict practically every domestic U.S. program. "Most organizations have a structure that was designed to solve problems that no longer exist," says Gardner, and he has been tinkering with HEW's machinery ever since he arrived.

He has been greatly assisted by the topflight men who work for him. "There are a lot of top executives who can't tolerate first-class men around them," he once wrote. "They separate the men from the boys, and hire the boys." By a stroke of luck, Gardner had 14 top-level positions in HEW to fill when he took over. Lyndon Johnson gave him a free hand in filling them ("Forget about any political considera-

the community" rather than fertile forces within it. Adding to the indictment, Gardner charges that "the schools have been all too willing to unload their behavior and scholastic problems on the community in the form of dropouts or expelled students."

\$88 or \$88,000. To head the Food and Drug Administration, Gardner named Dr. James L. Goddard, 43, the first physician to serve as commissioner in 45 years, and, if a good many shaken pharmaceutical executives have their fondest wish, perhaps the last. As Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs he named Philip Lee, who found a way to train 225,000 nurses a year instead of the previous 125,000 by pooling the resources of half a dozen separate agencies—without any extra cost.

With the aid of a former Pentagon Whiz Kid, Assistant Secretary William Gorman, 35, Gardner grafted McNamara-style systems-analysis techniques



BOB CARL STEFFEN

DEAF CHILD FINGER-PAINTING IN WASHINGTON
To liberate the spirit.

The Office is preparing legislation for a "Follow Through" program for the lower grades.

- **PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE.** With a \$2.5 billion budget—40 times greater than it was in 1945—PHS embraces the Surgeon General's office and a spate of field hospitals, clinics and research centers from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Indian reservations. Its most notable component is the National Institutes of Health (NIH), whose research budget has ballooned in 20 years from \$3,000,000 to its current \$1.1 billion. The research paid off in the cracking of the genetic codes, the discovery of fluorides and the development of a German measles vaccine. Still, the results of NIH research were barely reaching those who needed them. A major shift in emphasis was L.B.J.'s \$340 million program to build special heart-disease, cancer and stroke centers across the U.S. to make the benefits of new medical knowledge available to all.

- **FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION.** Though its budget is only \$63 million, Gardner says FDA "makes up in controversy what it lacks in size." When Goddard took over, he began borrowing young doctors and scientists from the PHS, used them to help clear up a backlog of 1,450 new applications for drug approval and to review 3,000 drugs approved from 1939 to 1962. He hopes to wipe out the backlog by July.

- **WELFARE ADMINISTRATION.** Neither Gardner nor anybody else is very happy with how Welfare does out the dole. Only 8,000,000 of the 35 million Americans officially classified as poor are actually receiving some form of relief. The agency gives out \$4 billion a year—and spends an appalling \$350 million doing it. Reason: under political pressure to keep chiselers off the rolls, Welfare workers often spend 90% of their time investigating eligibility requirements. Most of the recipients, however, are unemployable—2,000,000 are too old, 3,500,000 are too young, 900,

000 are mothers who have no place to leave their children, 600,000 are totally disabled. Wide inquiries exist in payments because each state sets its own standards: a dependent child in Mississippi gets a pitiful \$8 a month for all his needs while one in Minnesota gets \$52.50. Despite such proposals as a guaranteed annual wage or a negative income tax aimed at drastically increasing the sums given to relief recipients, Gardner has a more modest goal—a standard nationwide "floor" for payments.

- **VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION ADMINISTRATION.** With an outlay of \$313 million, the agency helped to convert 150,000 physically or mentally disabled people into jobholders. Ultimately, they will pay back in taxes more than five times the amount spent to train them. Chief problem: a backlog of some 5.5 million disabled people to be served.

- **ADMINISTRATION ON AGING.** The newest HEW agency, it has a \$10 million budget to find ways to ease the anguish of age. One of its programs is "Foster Grandparents," in which old people work with abandoned children.

- **ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL.** A Washington, D.C., mental hospital partially supported by \$10 million in federal funds, it has 7,000 patients. Also supported by HEW are Washington's Gallaudet College, the world's only institution of higher learning for the deaf, Howard University and the American Printing House for the Blind.

Clearly, the domain is just too vast for one man to master—but then, so are the Pentagon, the State Department and the U.S. itself. Gardner is no empire builder—but neither is he without ambition. In 1960 a woman suggested that he would make a logical Under Secretary of HEW in John F. Kennedy's embryo Administration. "I'll be Under Secretary of nothing," Gardner retorted. "Well then, maybe Secretary," said the woman. "Ah," said Gardner, "that would be something else."

The American Commitment. Having landed the job, Gardner moved into a fifth-floor office in HEW's unprepossessing limestone headquarters, where he discusses his favorite themes with a free-flowing eloquence that he rarely manages to achieve before large audiences. One theme is the importance of the individual. "The central purpose of laws and government in a free society," he says, "is to make the world manageable, so that the individual human being may have the maximum amount of freedom to grow and develop. That's what my department is about, and that's what this nation is about."

An equally frequent refrain is "the American commitment," as he calls it. "The basic American commitment is not to allience, not to power, not to all the marvelously cushioned comforts of a well-fed nation, but to the liberation of the human spirit, the release of human potential, the enhancement of individual dignity," he says. "We decided that what we really wanted was a society designed for people." And within that society, there must be room for diverse talents. In his book *Excellence*, he wrote: "The society which scorns excellence in plumbing because plumbing is a humble activity, and tolerates shoddiness in philosophy because it is an exalted activity, will have neither good plumbing nor good philosophy. Neither its pipes nor its theories will hold water."

Untapped Riches. California-born Gardner has been pondering those ideas practically all his life. As a boy in Beverly Hills, "he just grew up with a book in his hand," says his mother, Mrs. Marie F. Burns, 76. His father died when John was a year old, and his mother subsequently remarried three times—once to a gold prospector who had been in the Klondike. Gardner recalls listening rapidly to stories of the Gold Rush. "In each," he says, "the central theme was constant—riches left untapped."

Little attracted by sports until he



J. EDWARD BAILEY

DETROIT YOUNGSTERS PLAYING CHESS UNDER HEW SPONSORSHIP
And build a whole new series of relationships.

went off to Stanford, Gardner took up swimming and broke several Pacific Coast free-style records. An English major, he dropped out for a year to try his hand at short-story writing, then returned to Stanford and switched to psychology. Before he garnered his degree he garnered a wife, a petite, dark-eyed Guatemalan girl named Aida Marroquin. When they first met, she knew practically no English and he could say nothing in Spanish but the Gettysburg Address, which he had learned in a class. They corresponded for two years while she was back in Guatemala—and he was improving his Spanish—and then were married.

With his Ph.D. in psychology from Berkeley, Gardner spent four years teaching the subject at women's colleges in the East, found the life too confining and moved to Washington. He worked for the Federal Communications Commission's Foreign Intelligence Broadcast Service—ironically, in the same build-

ing to the new math. He persuaded James Bryant Conant to undertake his probing Africa because even then he could see that "it was a sleeping giant—in four years everyone would be crying for African experts."

By 1955 Gardner was president of Carnegie, living in a modest home in Scarsdale, N.Y., just four doors down from another philanthropist—Dean Rusk, then president of the Rockefeller Foundation. Gardner usually came home with a fat briefcase, went to work soon after dinner. Checka recalls that "when we were children, we always went to sleep to the sound of a typewriter." Gardner made a point of placing his desk "right in the traffic pattern for everything in the house" so as not to miss anything.

No Tapering Off. A frequent commuter to Washington, Gardner served as consultant to a tureen-full of alpha-

Into the Sun. A man who cherishes his privacy, Gardner once said: "I have strong feelings about the peace and quiet of my back garden and the excitement of the main highway. I love them both, and I hope I don't have to give up either." The back garden has suffered somewhat in the past 18 months, but he still manages to take long walks. He used to play golf, but with typical thoroughness began charting his game on a graph, saw no signs of improvement, and stashed his left-handed clubs.

Weekday mornings at 7:55 a grey Cadillac sedan calls for Gardner at his Chevy Chase, Md., home, and he usually jots down his day's agenda on a lined yellow pad during the 35-minute drive to his office. On Gardner's desk is a copy of an aphorism written in German by an unknown author: "*Das Beste ist gut genug*"—"the best is good enough. Behind the desk is a framed photo of the President with the inscription, "Now, John, I mean it. We must cut down on spending . . ."

Home by 7 or 8, Gardner perches on a kitchen chair, sipping a Scotch or a Dubonnet and chatting with his wife as she prepares dinner. Later, he goes back to work in a book-lined study whose collection includes translations of his own titles, *Excellence* and *Self-Renewal*, in a dozen languages. Together the books have sold a surprising 100,000 copies, and he still personally answers the letters from readers, which come to him at the rate of one a week. Weekends, he walks or sits in the backyard, always shifting to stay in the sun, and puts down his thoughts in a clear hand on the ever-present yellow pad.

Up the Mountain. In his 18 months in office, Gardner has taken hold of HEW with markedly greater determination and sureness than any of his five predecessors. The effect is being felt not only around the capital, but out in the regions as well. Jim Bond, a multimillionaire Dallas businessman who, atypically, is HEW's regional director for a five-state Southwest area (and who annually donates more to charity than he makes at his \$22,500-a-year job), concedes that in the past, "I haven't always been as enthusiastic as I should have. But John Gardner is something else. He believes in working your way out of a bad situation, not just spending your way out. And he wants to run these programs from the community involved, not from Washington."

Often the praise becomes extravagant. "The 18th century produced a lot of men who had a truly universal approach—Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, for instance, and that's what I see in John Gardner," says Old Neighbor Dean Rusk. "The future is his business. His object is to anticipate the problems of tomorrow and help people to become prepared for it."

Equally unstinting in praise is the President. "He has dreams," says Lyndon Johnson. "He can take you up on the mountain and show you the promised land. And what's more, he can lead you



EDUCATION'S HOWE

FOOD & DRUG'S GODDARD

ANALYST GORHAM

It can result in enormous good. It must be well managed.

ing that is HEW's headquarters today. It was a radical change, but it was part of Gardner's ripening philosophy of self-renewal by means of change.

Fellow Philanthropists. Gardner found renewal of another kind in the early days of World War II. He joined the Marines, served in Italy and Austria and, emerging as a captain, returned to Aida and his two daughters: Stephanie, now 28, a TIME researcher and the wife of a Manhattan attorney; and Francesca ("Checka"), 26, a Washington lawyer who is living with her parents while her lawyer husband is in the Army at Pleiku, South Viet Nam.

Gardner was still wearing Marine greens when he dropped in at the Carnegie Corporation—and was offered a job on the spot. With his ranging, inquiring mind, Gardner helped to lead Carnegie, now the fifth-ranking U.S. foundation with annual spending of some \$13 million, into some of its most memorable undertakings. He also helped to establish Russian research centers at Harvard, Princeton and Michigan. Shortly before Sputnik, he got Carnegie to sponsor a study that eventually led

to the new math. He persuaded James Bryant Conant to undertake his probing Africa because even then he could see that "it was a sleeping giant—in four years everyone would be crying for African experts." By 1955 Gardner was president of Carnegie, living in a modest home in Scarsdale, N.Y., just four doors down from another philanthropist—Dean Rusk, then president of the Rockefeller Foundation. Gardner usually came home with a fat briefcase, went to work soon after dinner. Checka recalls that "when we were children, we always went to sleep to the sound of a typewriter." Gardner made a point of placing his desk "right in the traffic pattern for everything in the house" so as not to miss anything.

At about that time Gardner told Brother Louis, a motel resort owner in Carmel Valley, Calif., that he was "tapering off." But Johnson, who admired his work on the education bill, had other ideas, asked him to join the Cabinet. There was an immense gulf between running Carnegie's 35-member staff and HEW's army of 100,000, but, as Gardner puts it, "it is exceedingly difficult to say no when the President asks something of you of that magnitude." Besides, it was time for a change.

there." Frequently he compares Gardner with Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. "I thought for some time we ought to take McNamara and move him over to run HEW," says the President. But Viet Nam intervened, and then Gardner came along and proved that he was, in Johnson's words, "a can-do man." Gardner, says the President, "could hold any job in Government."

There are those, inevitably, who think that he is also eminently suited for Lyndon Johnson's job. But Gardner, who describes himself as "a remarkably non-political kind of person," dismisses such a notion as unrealistic.

Major Departure. When asked what he considers his chief accomplishment, Gardner places HEW's wide-reaching advances in civil rights at the top of the list. "For this nation, justice for the Negro is the social problem," he says, and his determination to attach tough guidelines to health and education programs is helping, however slowly, to solve it. It took a decade after the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision to get 2.5% of the Deep South's Negroes into previously all-white schools. Thanks to HEW's pressure, that figure soared to 12.5% in the past two years. So far, some 45 school districts and 35 hospitals have had federal funds suspended or cut off for refusing to comply with the guidelines.

In the long run, however, Gardner's efforts to reshape relationships among the various levels of Government, universities, corporations and private groups may prove an equally important development to the U.S. Dartmouth Historian Harry N. Scheiber has written: "The American political system has undergone a revolution since 1933, and another major departure appears in process now." That departure involves a wholly new system of relationships and approaches to Government at all levels of American society. As Gardner puts it, the new modes of organizing U.S. life have "profound implications for the way we organize our society and govern ourselves in the years ahead." Says he: "We have made the biggest step—facing our problems and the nature of the solutions. We have a sense of what can and should be."

Groping Attempts. Gardner believes that the old set of arrangements, from unmanageable city governments to uncoordinated federal programs, is dying. "Meanwhile, one can see at all levels the groping attempts to create a new system—a system that will be less wasteful of resources, and that will profit by the advantages of modern large-scale organization, and that will give a wider range of Americans easy access to the benefits of our society." Optimist that he is, Gardner hardly imagines that Utopia will spring forth full-blown once such a machinery is created. He believes, rather, that a new series of "great opportunities" for Americans will always come along—brilliantly disguised, of course, as insoluble problems.



WASHINGTON'S EVANS & WIFE
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THE STATES

Creative Localism

Taking the oath at his third inauguration, Iowa's Democratic Governor Harold Hughes bluntly stated the theme: "I think we need to pay less attention to states' rights and more attention to states' responsibilities." In other inaugural addresses and legislative pronouncements, Governors across the nation last week indicated that the states are at long last facing up to the urgent needs of an expanding population and an increasingly complex urban society.

One of the biggest problems facing most Governors is the outmoded machinery of state government itself, and in Arkansas, Washington, Oregon, Colo-



OREGON'S MCCALL (LEFT) WITH OATH GIVER
Urging an ombudsman.

rado and Iowa, the chief executives called for major changes in basic operating laws. Colorado's Republican John Love, embarking on his second term, decried his state's "crazy-quilt development of overlapping, duplicating, and sometimes competing groups of governmental jurisdictions," warned that it could not sanguinely face the challenges of the future with the "organizational patterns of the 19th century."

Urban Emphasis. Arkansas' Winthrop Rockefeller, so nervous at his first inauguration that his hands shook and—as he admitted—he could "hardly talk," asked for basic revisions in the state's 1874 constitution, and proposed a thorough, professional study of state operations, which are now hindered by an incredible total of 187 boards and commissions. As if to make the Republican Governor's job of managing and coordinating the various boards that much harder, outgoing Governor Orval Faubus packed them with 93 last-minute appointments.

The problem of controlling the urban environment was high on nearly every Governor's list of concerns. In Ohio, Republican James Rhodes, who had not shown much concern for the cities during his first term, set up a cabinet-level Office of Urban Affairs, promised action to combat air and water pollution.

Sprawl & Smog. Washington's Daniel Evans, one of the most dynamic of the young Republican Governors, observed, in a mid-term address to the legislature, that his state now faces the explosive growth that California has experienced. He asked for more and better state and local planning as well as for a department of transportation and an environmental quality commission to make sure that the state does not suffer from sprawl and smog. Love promised similar action for Colorado, gloomily noting that the present "evidence is that we are in the process of destroying much of our natural environment, busily engaged in building cities that are for all practical purposes unlivable."

Oregon's incoming Republican Governor Tom McCall, at 6 ft. 5 in. the tallest Governor in the nation, asked for a 15% tax hike to finance his ambitious program. He also urged Oregon to become the first state in the Union to appoint an ombudsman to protect the citizen from police and bureaucratic abuses (TIME, Dec. 2). Said McCall: "It's a modern addition to traditional checks and balances." New Jersey Democrat Richard Hughes in his fifth annual legislative message similarly suggested that his state be the first to establish a public-defender system and outline an agency to protect consumers.

Change—or Else. Indeed, to an unprecedented extent, the emphasis in nearly every state capital was on reform to enable the states to play a more active role in their own social and economic betterment—a theme that might be called creative localism. And most

Governors agreed with Washington's Dan Evans, who said: "State governments are unquestionably on trial today. If we are not willing to pay the price, if we cannot change where change is required, then we have only one recourse. And that is to prepare for an orderly transfer of our remaining responsibilities to the Federal Government."

GEORGIA

Seated & Subdued

Unfolding a crumpled sheet of yellow legal paper, Lester Garfield Maddox readily intoned: "My heart is full. I am humbled and honored by the decision of this august body." Thus, 63 days after narrowly losing (450,626 to 453,665) Georgia's gubernatorial election to Re-

publican Congressman Howard ("Bo") Callaway, did onetime Restaurateur Maddox acknowledge the state legislature's decision to seat him anyway.



GOVERNOR MADDOX

Without pistol or pick-handle.

publican Congressman Howard ("Bo") Callaway, did onetime Restaurateur Maddox acknowledge the state legislature's decision to seat him anyway.

His selection by the legislators last week hardly came as a surprise. Both the U.S. and the Georgia Supreme Courts upheld Georgia's peculiar law allowing the state legislature to elect the Governor if the voters failed to give any candidate more than 50% of the vote; there had been little question what the body would do. With a Democratic majority of 231 to 28 in the legislature's two houses, the legislators voted 182 to 66 to seat Democrat Maddox.

What was startling, in view of his stridently racist campaign, was the subdued, even soporific tone of the new Governor's inaugural address in Atlanta. Speaking to a crowd of several hundred—including a little old lady in red tennis shoes—gathered in 32 weather, Maddox, 51, pointedly avoided any hint of bigotry. Promising to follow the progressive policies of outgoing Governor Carl Sanders, he declared: "There is no necessity for any conflict

to arise between federal-state authority. We should—and we can—solve any disagreements under the framework of the Constitution, respecting the authority of the national Government, and being ever mindful of protecting the rights of Georgia and Georgians."

Philosophical Bond. Those were mild words indeed from a man who first gained national attention three years ago by brandishing a pistol and a pickaxe handle in the face of Negroes seeking to eat in his Pickrick restaurant—and then closed it rather than serve them. Exclaimed Atlanta Constitution Editor Eugene Patterson: "The man was elected like a demagogue, but he spoke like a Governor!" Other longtime critics of Maddox remained skeptical that he could easily repudiate his white supremacist backers.

Among ten legislators abstaining from the vote on Maddox was Julian Bond, 26, the bright, outspoken Negro who finally gained his seat in the State House of Representatives after twice being deprived of it because of his public advocacy of draft-card burning. The U.S. Supreme Court had ruled that Bond must be seated and, along with ten other Negroes, he took his place in the Georgia legislature. "I don't think," philosophized Bond, "most members of the house care at this point whether I'm here or not—and that's the attitude I want them to have."

TRIALS

A Flair for Fund Raising

Though the 1964 Senate hearings on Bobby Baker yielded a tangle of headlines, they produced little else. Entrepreneur Baker remained free to pursue his affairs, a peripatetic playboy in alligator shoes. Last week, after three years, another Bobby Baker hearing finally got under way in a far less flamboyant atmosphere. The arena this time was the grimly sterile U.S. courthouse for the District of Columbia, and Baker's accuser was the U.S. Government. After thorough investigations by the Department of Justice and the Internal Revenue Service, federal authorities were bent on a conviction that could send the former Senate Democratic secretary to prison for up to 48 years.

Baker, his mustelid eyes darting intently about the courtroom, went on trial on nine counts of larceny, tax evasion and conspiracy to defraud the Government. The onetime boy wonder and Lyndon Johnson protégé, now a pudgy 38, is estimated to have amassed \$2,000,000 in assets, though his annual Senate salary was \$19,612. In his opening statement, Justice Department Counsel William O. Bittman charged that Baker had persuaded California savings-and-loan-company officials to give him \$100,000 as contributions for congressional candidates in the 1962 campaign, then pocketed \$80,000 for himself. Called by the prosecution, Kenneth Childs, president of the Home Sav-

ings and Loan Association of Los Angeles—the nation's biggest S & L company, with assets totaling \$2 billion—testified that in 1962 he met with Baker, who complained that Childs's industry was not "politically active" enough and suggested that \$100,000 would be an "impressive" contribution from its California members.

\$50,100 Wait. According to Childs, Baker listed among those in "picking need" of campaign money: Democratic Senators Carl Hayden of Arizona, William Fulbright of Arkansas and George Smathers of Florida; G.O.P. Senators Thruston Morton of Kentucky, Everett Dirksen of Illinois, Wallace Bennett of Utah and Frank Carlson of Kansas; and Democratic Representative Wilbur Mills of Arkansas. Childs's testimony touched off a mass appearance in court by all eight legislators. After Mills and Fulbright took the stand and denied receiving a cent from Baker (Mills pointed out that he had had no opponent in 1962), Defense Attorney Edward Bennett Williams announced that he would stipulate without testimony that the others had received no money, and all were excused after being sworn. (Quipped Dirksen: "I am going to take the \$4 witness fee and frame it.")

Other California savings-and-loan executives testified that they had heeded Baker's formula for political activism. Stuart Davis, chairman of the board of Los Angeles' Great Western Financial Corp., related that in October 1962 he had toted \$50,100 in cash in two envelopes to Washington—only to sit around his hotel room for three days waiting for Baker to return his call. Finally, said Davis, "I received a telephone call, saying he'd like to come down to my hotel and see me." Davis said that he got the two envelopes out of the hotel safe, handed them to Baker, who "thanked me in some casual way and put them in his pocket and left." John F. Marten, a former Great Western official who said that he had raised some of the \$50,100, testified that he understood it was "for the campaign in the November elections for certain Senators." Did he ever receive any acknowledgement from Senators? "No."

\$1,000 Brand. All told, 51 prosecution witnesses testified to Baker's fundraising talents. Ralph Hill, a District of Columbia vending-machine operator, testified that after Baker had helped him get a contract with Melpar Inc., an aerospace subcontractor, he went to Baker's office and "asked him what kind of whisky he drank." Baker, according to Hill, indicated that his brand was worth \$1,000 a month. Hill said that he made eight monthly payments of \$250 in cash.

Baker could at least hope that the suspense might soon be over. Thanks partly to brisk handling of the case by Federal Judge Oliver Gasch, who took over most of the jury selection himself, the trial, originally expected to last 2½ months, may take only three weeks.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

Securing Saigon

The sweaty Saigon resounded last week with the thud of distant artillery fire, and the midnight stars were occasionally dimmed by the glare of lofting phosphorus flares. In a war in which there is no front and no enemy lines, the capital of South Viet Nam is right in the middle of the battle—a garrison without walls in a countryside alive with enemy hands. Says Air Force Lieut. Colonel Grove Johnson, head of U.S. security at the huge Tan Son Nhut airport: "It's like defending a stockade in the days of the Indian wars."

Viet Cong terrorists enter Saigon almost at will and control scores of villages in the province of Gia Dinh, which completely surrounds the city. Enemy troops and equipment move freely into the Saigon area along infiltration trails from the Mekong Delta to the south and by motorized sampans along the Saigon River from the north. Eight Viet Cong battalions operate within a radius of 25 miles of the capital, extorting food, supplies and money from frightened merchants and others among greater Saigon's 2,200,000 population.

Despite reverses elsewhere, the Viet Cong have sharply increased their activity in and around the capital. Terrorist incidents have more than doubled in the past year, and Allied troops began averaging more than three contacts a day with enemy units operating in Gia Dinh province. In November, the V.C. celebrated South Viet Nam's National Day by lobbing 75-mm. recoilless-rifle shells into downtown Saigon. Last month a 25-man sabotage squad slipped through the heavily guarded perimeter of Tan Son Nhut, nearly reached a parking apron filled with warplanes before they were discovered and shot down. As it turns out, the Viet Cong made a mistake by pressing the city so hard: they jolted the U.S. high command into action.

Fading Away. Assigning top priority to making Saigon secure, the U.S. last month committed three combat battalions to Operation Rang Dong, a long-range, large-scale drive that sent 2,500 U.S. troops against Viet Cong forces operating in the three provincial districts south and east of the city. Last week, to clear the Communists out of the area to Saigon's north, American forces launched the largest offensive of the war to date, sending 28 battalions and 34 batteries of artillery into the 25-sq.-mi. wedge known as the Iron Triangle, a notorious Communist stronghold ever since the days of the French.

Composed of jungle, paddycults and a network of concrete bunkers just 20 miles northwest of Saigon, the Iron Triangle also conceals scores of Viet Cong military base camps, supply depots and

field hospitals, all connected by miles of underground tunnels. Intelligence reports indicated that it was the headquarters of the Viet Cong's Fourth Military Region, which commands Communist activities in and around Saigon and had placed practically all hamlets in the area under Communist control. The U.S. has bombed the place repeatedly in the past 18 months but the only previous venture of U.S. troops into the area in force was frustrated when the Viet Cong simply faded into the jungle.

Blocking Forces. Last week's drive, known as Operation Cedar Falls, was

the V.C. could no longer rely on them for information, food and shelter. The removal of the villagers will also make future identification easier; henceforth, anyone found there is almost bound to be a professional V.C.

Sealed Off. The destruction of Ben Suc, a Saigon River village complex that supported the Viet Cong, was typical. It took only a minute and a half for 60 helicopters to descend on the village with a battalion of the U.S. 1st Division. While loudspeakers warned residents to stay in their homes, infantrymen quickly sealed off the town,



BEN SUC VILLAGERS ON THEIR WAY TO RELOCATION
A mistake by pressing the city so hard.

different. Before the main attack force of U.S. battalions made its sweep, the entire triangle was surrounded to cut off escape routes. Battalions of Vietnamese army regulars and U.S. troops were stationed along the perimeter to serve as blocking forces, and fleets of barges fitted out with "quad-fifties" (clusters of four .50-caliber machine guns) patrolled the rivers. But the object of the operation was not simply to trap Viet Cong, even though 286 were killed and 64 captured during the week. This time the Americans were bent on destroying the Iron Triangle as a Communist base.

To that end, they brought in 60 bulldozers to clear wide swatches of the jungle that served the Communists as cover. They confiscated tons of food and equipment, overran and demolished scores of V.C. installations, ranging from an underground hospital to a regimental base camp. They also decided upon a more drastic step: to raze all hamlets in the area, resettling the 8,000 or more inhabitants elsewhere, where

catching many of its Viet Cong defenders by surprise. The villagers were assembled and the men between 15 and 45 led off for questioning. Within three days, Ben Suc was deserted, its people and their possessions loaded aboard boats and shipped twelve miles downriver to a refugee camp until they can be permanently relocated. Shortly after they left, torches were put to their homes. After Operation Cedar Falls ends, it will be a long time before the Viet Cong, or anyone else, will be able to use the Iron Triangle again.

THAILAND

A Greater Involvement

It is no secret that Thailand has both permitted and encouraged a large U.S. military presence within its borders, but the Thais have been extremely skittish about publicly acknowledging their role. Last week they finally loosened up a bit in what may be the beginning of an open admission that Thailand is deeply involved in the struggle for Southeast

Asia. Already combatting Communist terrorism on its remote northeastern frontier, Thailand announced that it would soon become the sixth fighting ally of the U.S. in Viet Nam.* It has already begun to gather the 1,000-man combat battalion of Royal Thai army volunteers who will enter the Viet Nam fray sometime within the next six months. At the same time, Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman admitted that Thailand has been "allowing U.S. troops to utilize our military installations and facilities."

"If the Communists succeed in their aggression," said Thai Premier Thanom Kittikachorn, "we would be the next target. This action is being taken in direct defense of Thailand." Thailand turned a deaf ear to Hanoi's raucous denunciation of this "new and odious act of treason by the reactionary Thai-land government clique." After all, about a third of the guerrillas who are operating in its northeast are Vietnamese who have slipped across the Mekong River from Communist redoubts in Laos to join Chinese-trained Thais and some members of the Pathet Lao in spreading terror through the region.

Staunch Ally. Though it is just now sending troops to Viet Nam, Thailand is already in position as a staunch ally. It now harbors 35,000 U.S. servicemen—25,000 from the Air Force, the rest mainly Army engineers and logistics experts. The total represents a threefold increase in the past year. Eleven U.S. fighter-bomber squadrons are stationed in Thailand—at Takli, Korat, Udorn and Ubon—from which they fly about 75% of all the bombing raids on North Viet Nam. Last year

Thai-based F-4C Phantoms and F-105 Thunderchiefs averaged 225 missions a week against North Vietnamese targets, which ranged from rail centers (50 strikes) and radar sites (110) to bridges (1,900) and barges (1,850). Helicopter rescue units, which lift downed U.S. airmen from the heart of North Viet Nam, fly out of Nakhon Phanom and two other bases.

The biggest of the new Thai bases, all leased individually from the Bangkok government, is U-Tapao, part of the giant sea and air complex at Sattahip, 80 miles southeast of Bangkok. U.S. Air Force KC-135 jet tankers already fly from its 11,500-ft. runways, and Washington hopes that Thailand will soon approve the transfer to U-Tapao of the B-52 heavy bombers that now must make a 5,000-mile run from Guam to bomb in Viet Nam. Fearful of direct North Vietnamese retaliation, Thai officials are wary about granting such approval. "If the B-52 question were to arise," said Foreign Minister Thanat on a visit to Washington last week, "we would have to evaluate it in the light of our national interest."

Coursing the Jungles. That interest is already threatened by the Red insurgency in the northeast. The pattern of violence—assassination of rural officials, propaganda meetings held at gunpoint—resembles Viet Nam a decade ago. Earlier this month, for example, a band of 20 Communist terrorists ambushed a Thai police patrol in Nakhon Phanom province, killed two policemen and wounded the others. Already Thai army patrols with U.S. advisers are coursing the jungles in hopes of nipping the insurgency before it can get out of control. To that end, an Allied victory in Viet Nam would be even more effective—a fact that Bangkok is acknowledging by its more open involvement with U.S. military might.

RED CHINA

The Cities Say No

The battle for control of China spread through the nation's cities last week as two irregular armies squared off against each other. On one side swarmed the Red Guards, the teen-age, slogan-drunk students turned loose upon the land by Mao Tse-tung to spearhead his fanatical Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Opposing them with increasing vehemence were urban workers, resentful of the Red Guards' noisy and disrespectful descent on their factories in the name of Mao-think. The workers were encouraged in their opposition by much of the Communist Party apparatus still loyal to China's President, Liu Shao-chi. The results were disorders, widespread work stoppages and outright brawling in a score of industrial centers and cities throughout China.

Shanghai, China's richest and most important industrial city, was so firmly in anti-Mao forces' hands that Peking published and broadcast an open letter to Shanghai's citizens urging them to rise up against the "bourgeois reactionaries" backing Mao. The anti-Maoists were accused of organizing workers into Red Militia Brigades as an answer to the Red Guards, of encouraging labor to stop production and go to Peking to protest against the Cultural Revolution. Putting "not politics but bank notes in command," railed Peking, the anti-Maoists used their control of local party funds to raise wages and welfare allowances, provided the dissident marchers to Peking with handsome travel allowances and new clothes, and doled out choice government housing to their families.

Changed Struggle. In Canton, reported travelers arriving in nearby Hong Kong, street fighting between Red Guards and workers was waged with iron pipes, clubs and bamboo poles. Anti-Mao posters by the dozens were spotted throughout the city, and the municipal gas, water and electric plants were all but shut down by strikes. Anti-Mao leaders in the Taching oil fields stopped production and sent 10,000 of Taching's work force to Peking to foment trouble.

Radio Poochow charged that opponents of the Cultural Revolution in that coastal city were also launching counter-marches and bankrolling batches of workers on trips to Peking, ostensibly to "report conditions" but actually "to sabotage production and communication." As a result, complained the Red Guards, "the water is stirred and has become murky, and the main orientation of the struggle is changed, so that in the confusion the dreadful consequences of this will be blamed on the revolutionary leftists"—meaning the loyal Maoists themselves.

Counterattack. With thousands of workers pouring into Peking from the nay-saying cities, the capital was poised

* Joining South Viet Nam (621,000 men), South Korea (46,000), Australia (4,500), New Zealand (150) and the "noncombatant" Philippines (2,000).



AIRBASE AT SATTAPIP
Evaluation in the light of national interest.

for trouble. Radio Moscow claimed that the situation threatened to paralyze Peking's factories and rail communications. Wall posters (see box) reported one incident in which anti-Mao mobs stormed the cabinet building and "bloody clashes ensued." Premier Chou En-lai addressed a group of railway men, urging that service be restored; he also complained that Railways Minister Lu Cheng-tsao had been held captive by the workers for five days.

Things became so bad that the People's Liberation Army, considered Mao's ultimate weapon in the battle for China, was caught up in the purge. Wall posters reported that army troops in the western China city of Lanchow had stormed a hideout of pro-Liu Shao-

chi officers and captured scores of anti-Maoists in uniform. Mao himself, who was rumored to have come back to Peking from his winter vacation villa in the south to direct the struggle personally, issued a call to the army for loyalty. Taking no chances, he reshuffled the army's Cultural Revolutionary Committee, seating as adviser to the new purge group none other than Mrs. Mao, who day by day assumes more titles in Peking. Said Radio Peking: "The struggle with a small group of anti-Maoists among army officers is acute and complicated, and even now they are staging a counterattack."

The Formula? One of Mao's Thoughts is that "it is sometimes necessary to make a retreat in order to ad-

vance again at a later date." There were hints last week that Mao might be considering a slight tactical retreat in the face of his mounting opposition. Chou En-lai, who spent a busy week on the podium, told a rally of Red Guards to stop criticizing government officials, and particularly to lay off five of his own deputies who have recently come under poster fire. Even in attacking Archvillains Liu Shao-chi and Party Secretary Teng Hsiao-ping, Old Mediator Chou told the students, they should focus on the pair's erroneous policies rather than their persons. "Chairman Mao does not want you to go to excesses," he added, while Mrs. Mao, sitting beside him, nodded approval.

Posters later appeared quoting Mao

The Handwriting on the Walls—on Streets

READING Red China's proliferating posters for either news or propaganda is an art in itself. In the flourishing brush strokes of Chinese calligraphy, the *tatzeaho* alternately denounce, cajole, exhort and praise. Last week they so covered the walls of cities, government buildings and even private huts that the citizens of Canton had to read their messages on the ground, where frustrated Red Guards laid out their latest scribbles and weighted them down with stones.

The posters appear in three forms. One is the size of a newspaper page, inscribed with delicate characters. The second is roughly the size of a sheet of typewriter paper, with its message stenciled or printed for mass distribution. The third is the *chuantan*, or bill poster, each of which features a single, yard-high character. Enough pages strung together make poster headlines so large that even a simple acid message, such as "Liu Shao-chi is the Khrushchev of China," requires ten yards of wall space.

Traditional Chinese rhetoric is eminently suited to making war by poster. It is full of the exaggeration and hyperbole typified by the 8th century Chinese poet Li Po's description of a bearded sage as "a man with a strand of hair 3,000 yards long." In the same vein, Red Guard posters have blithely advocated that Mao's enemies be "burned at the stake," recounted tongues and ears being torn off in street fighting and reviled Mrs. Liu Shao-chi one week as a "common prostitute" and the next, somewhat bewilderingly, as "priggish."

The Maoist poster-makers have developed a shorthand of invective in the war of words. One favorite reference is to a "dog in the water," meaning an enemy who has been brought down but should be finished off to avoid all risks of a future comeback. "Black gangsters" are anti-Mao intellectuals, whose output is likely to be "poisonous weeds." Enemies of Mao who do not quite qualify as intellectuals are labeled "ghosts and monsters" who follow the "black line." The difficulty of distinguishing friendly from unfriendly posters, especially when nearly all invoke the blessing of Mao for their point of view, has led to a special sub-jargon. It warns against those "leftist in name, rightist in reality" who "wave the red flag to oppose the red flag." It also warns against "those who listen superficially" to the words of Mao but, in fact, are working against him. "The red ocean is a big plot" is an attack on a particularly dirty tactic in poster warfare: some



FIGHTING THE GROUND WAR IN CANTON

anti-Maoists have been painting entire walls solid, sacrosanct red, thereby preventing the Red Guards from plastering them with ideographs.

The authenticity of poster accounts is as gnawing a problem for foreigners as it is for the Chinese in the streets. After nearly a year's practice at poster exegesis, Sinologists have developed some rules of thumb. When such officials as Mao, Lin Biao or Chiang Ching are quoted directly, the gist of their remarks is likely to be true. So are reports of high-level government meetings and accounts of the arrests of individuals. Less reliable in their detail are reports of bloody clashes, though they undoubtedly indicate that trouble of some sort took place. Attacks on individuals named in posters usually have little validity beyond the important fact that the victims are on someone's blacklist.

Much of the poster spotting for the outside world is done by the nine Japanese reporters based in Peking. There are always more fresh posters each morning than all of them together can track down in a single day, and Peking's frigid winter is not conducive to street-corner translating. Result: some of the Japanese now photograph promising posters with their Polaroid cameras, then return to the warmth of their offices to translate them. Curious to see the mysterious poster warriors at work, one Japanese correspondent prowled Peking with a flashlight night after night. Although he was very diligent and although the posters were invariably new and fresh the next day, he never managed to catch anyone putting them up.

himself as saying that "those who err should not be liberated of duty, but left to work under the control of the masses." At about the same time, reported Japanese newsmen, other posters reported that Liu Shao-chi had retracted a retraction earlier forced on him by Mao. If in fact Liu & Co. do prove impossible to dislodge, Mao might tone down his purge or even bring it to an end with just such a face-saving formula. The question was whether Mao, or anyone else, could any longer turn off the surge of angry forces now running through the streets of China.

INDONESIA

Final Drive?

Who should be tried?

Sukarno!

Who is our enemy?

Sukarno!

Who is the new-style pharaoh?

Sukarno!

This taunting tune is the latest hit song in Djakarta, and 6,000 students sang it lustily last week as they marched through the capital's streets in camouflage shirts. They were celebrating the first anniversary of the student demonstrations that thrust General Suharto and his colleagues into power as Indonesia's rulers. The appearance of the song also marked the start of what, his enemies hope, will be a final drive to oust Sukarno, 65, the long-revered *bapak* (father) of Indonesia's revolution and the country's ruler for 22 years.

Some Nuts. Many Indonesians suspect Sukarno of complicity in the abortive Communist coup of October 1965, during which six nationalist, non-Communist generals were murdered. Last week, after six months of scornful silence, Sukarno finally replied to a demand from the People's Congress that he explain his role in the coup. "Why am I the only one who is asked to render an account?" he snorted in outraged innocence. Sukarno tersely

blamed the coup on "the wrong way" taken by Indonesian Communist leaders, on "the cunning" of imperialism, and on "the fact that there were persons who were nuts." He lamely suggested that Congress President Abdul Haris Nasution, the former Defense Minister who barely escaped with his life during the coup, should also answer questions regarding responsibility for the October uprising.

Nasution's response was to announce the launching of an investigation of Sukarno's involvement in the coup. The announcement coincided neatly with the capture of a key man in the coup, Brigadier General Supardjo, who was conveniently caught last week near Halim Air Force Base, where the six murdered generals were mutilated and buried. Indonesia's new leaders hope that Supardjo's testimony will link Sukarno to the coup leaders.

Paternal Duty. If his complicity is proved, what could Indonesia do to Sukarno? One possibility is hospitalization. Already some leaders are suggesting that Sukarno may be mentally ill; during a recent shopping tour, for example, he embarrassed the salesgirls with lengthy inquiries about contraceptives, adding bluntly that "homemade ones are easily damaged." Exile is another: Sukarno's youngest wife Dewi is in Tokyo awaiting the birth of a child next month, and Sukarno might make an exit on the grounds of paternal duty. If he does leave Indonesia, the odds are against his returning.

EUROPE

A Resurgence of the Spirit

Personalities can make all the difference in politics. That dominant personality of the European scene, Charles de Gaulle, could barely conceal his distaste for professional Ludwig Erhard, West Germany's last Chancellor—not to mention his distaste for Erhard's pro-American policies. The result was some bad days for Franco-German cooperation, formally set up by treaty in 1963. Last week, when West Germany's new Chancellor, Kurt Georg Kiesinger, made his first official visit to Paris, De Gaulle met a man whose mind and manners he could admire. Learned and elegant, a longtime friend of France whose own Swabian home is only an hour's drive from the French border, Kiesinger charmed De Gaulle by trading erudite toasts with him, conversing at state dinners in flawless French about the merits of French authors and the joys of French wine. Result: the prospect for renewed Franco-German cooperation suddenly seemed bright again. Said De Gaulle: "The spirit of the 1963 treaty remains alive."

Some Skepticism. Beyond the civilities, serious discussions occupied their two days of talks in the handsome Elysée Palace. Much of the talk centered on De Gaulle's favorite topic: building bridges to Eastern Europe. After



KIESINGER & DE GAULLE IN PARIS
Mind and manners to admire.

years of West German foot-dragging on East-West contacts, Kiesinger wants to follow France's example, but, he confessed to De Gaulle, the Eastern European nations remain skeptical of West German intentions. De Gaulle offered to instruct French ambassadors in Eastern European capitals to use their influence to convince the Poles, Czechs and everyone else that the Germans have indeed reformed. Furthermore, De Gaulle and Kiesinger agreed to coordinate their economic policies regarding the Eastern bloc.

Kiesinger reiterated the West German view that the doors of the Common Market should be opened to Britain and the other six members of the European Free Trade Association. De Gaulle was unmoved, holding to his position that Britain under Prime Minister Harold Wilson has excluded itself by remaining linked to the Commonwealth and the U.S. Sighed Kiesinger later to newsmen: "Wilson will not have an easy time when he comes here."

Nuclear Annoyance. Despite hopes for *détente*, the talks also turned to defense. Kiesinger is upset that the U.S. seems willing to negotiate a nuclear nonproliferation treaty with the Soviets that would leave unanswered the question of German participation in—and protection under—some future European nuclear strike force. De Gaulle, who opposes the treaty anyhow, used the West German annoyance to loosen slightly Kiesinger's future commitment to NATO. He got Kiesinger to agree to set up joint Franco-German military committees to plan common strategy and common weaponry for the 1970s.

Franco-German relations have, of course, enjoyed bright moments before, only to fade under mutual distrust and misunderstanding. But for the moment, it looked as if Kiesinger and De Gaulle could work together in harmony. When at one point in their talks Kiesinger failed for a moment to grasp the full



SUKARNO AT HOME
Time to pack up bapak.

55% of re-orders now come from invitation to "call collect."

International Artware Company of Cleveland—leader in giftwares, art pottery, and polyethylene flowers and foliage—began a program of planned Long Distance; invited customers to call collect to place re-orders. "Today, we get 55% of our distributor re-orders from those calls," says President Stanley W. Morgenstern. A Bell System Communications Consultant helped develop the plan. Maybe he can help *you*. Call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for him. Take a new look at Long Distance!



AT&T
and Associated Companies





Holy Toledo, what a car!

Only Toledo could build this

Toledo? That's where 'Jeep' ruggedness comes from! Now it's built into a *bold new sportscar*. With bucket seats. Continental spare. Roll-up windows. If you like, add automatic top. Sports console. Hot new V-6 engine with automatic transmission. Power brakes, even air-conditioning.

And world-famous 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive is standard equipment. Flip one simple lever...you can leave the crowds behind, and blaze your own trail! Testing is believing. Test the adventure and safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. Climb a mountain. Cross a creek. Take the gang right down



YES, YOUR FRIEND... MAYBE... TOLEDO'S FAVORITE SON, DANNY THOMAS!

rugged rascal. The Jeepster.

on the beach. Holy Toledo, what a car!

There's a whole family of Jeepsters to choose from... Convertible; Jeepster Commando Station Wagon; Jeepster Commando Pick-up; Jeepster Commando Roadster. Choice of colors, too.

Hop in and give the new Jeepster a test drive. You've never handled a

sportscar with the smooth ride and bold, brash performance of this one!



You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION

Yes.



implications of a De Gaulle concept, he asked for time to collect his thoughts. Said he to De Gaulle: "I am just a beginner, and you must forgive me if I don't have the sovereign grasp of things which you, as one of the world's greatest living statesmen, have." Chuckled De Gaulle: "If you start out like that, what will you be like 14 years from now?"—a reference to the fact that, at 62, Kiesinger is 14 years younger than De Gaulle.

SYRIA

To the Left, March

Far more than most of its neighbors, Syria is a fertile land that since Biblical times has usually prospered by exporting grain and other foodstuffs. Today, Syria's chief domestic crop is trouble, its chief exports terror and sedition. Held in the grip of a fanatical socialist party that seeks to wrest from Egypt's Nasser the leadership of the Arab left, Syria has become the epicenter on the seismographic chart of Middle Eastern turmoil. From the Sea of Galilee to the Gulf of Aden, its mortars and machine guns, tanks and terrorists ply their disruptive trade not only against Israel but against the nations of the Arab center and right.

Last week Syrian planes and guns several times traded fire with Israeli border outposts over the no man's land dividing the countries, just as they have on almost every day of the new year. Syrian-trained saboteurs exploded a mine in the midst of a soccer crowd at the Israeli village of Dishon. A 100-man gang of terrorists from the Syrian-based "Palestine Liberation Army" infiltrated Jordan to join the struggle to overthrow King Hussein; other terrorists were attempting similar moves against Saudi Arabia's King Feisal. With the tacit approval of Damascus, a school for saboteurs was in full swing in the arid hills above the Sea of Galilee. Syria's leaders were even attempting to topple the neighboring socialist regime of Iraq, whose petroleum riches Syria would like

to turn over to "the Arab masses." Through it all, Syria trumpeted a bitterly anti-Western line, even to the extent of spreading word that CIA agents were prowling the countryside, vampirelike, to extract Syrian blood for transfusions to wounded G.I.s in Viet Nam.

Paranoid Violence. The men responsible for all of this comprise a remarkably young group of radical leaders who belong to the far-left wing of the Baath Party, a mystical Arab brotherhood whose main aim is the nationalization of everything and everyone in the Middle East. Since they seized power from a more moderate group of Baathists last year, Syria's new leaders have turned the country onto a path of near-paranoid violence. Oddly enough, the three men who administer the government are all trained physicians: Premier Youssef Zayyen, 36; Chief of State Nureddin Alattasi, 37; and Foreign Minister Ibrahim Makhous, 36. But the man with the real power is Major General Salah Jadid, 40, a career officer who was sacked from his chief-of-staff job by former Chief of State Amin Hafez late in 1965, then led the Feb. 23, 1966 coup that threw Hafez into Damascus' dank Mazza Prison.

Reclusive and ramrod-rigid, Jadid has yet to make a major public pronouncement since taking power; indeed, he ranks on the Baathist books as a mere deputy secretary-general of the party. Jadid belongs to the minority Alawite sect of Syrian Mohammedanism, which represents only 10% of the population, and fears that the Sunni majority—a more orthodox sect—might rebel if he became too publicly outspoken. Actually, he need not say much: the statements of his peers are sufficiently intemperate to embrace his views. Says Premier Zayyen in tones ominously Pekingese: "We are crushing all parasite and opportunist elements that stand between the Arab revolution and the Arab masses."

Apathetic Drabness. In the process, Jadid & Co. have reduced a once-vibrant land to apathetic drabness.

Builders and small shopkeepers are the only significant urban groups that have not been nationalized. In Damascus and Aleppo, dozens of half-completed grey buildings stand forlornly in their wooden scaffolds, abandoned by builders who stopped construction because unrealistic rent controls would deny them profit. Though 90% of all "feudalist" land has been confiscated, the government so far has allocated only 20% to farmers.

Fully 200,000 skilled managers and technicians have fled the country; hundreds more are in jail for political crimes. Wheat, usually harvested Dakota-style with giant combines, will henceforth be grown on uneconomical 40-acre plots by government decree. Not even the weather has cooperated with the Baath: 1966 brought a crop failure that severely cut wheat and cotton production and drained Damascus of precious foreign exchange. Western banks have almost unanimously refused to lend further money. To try to recoup some cash, Jadid recently cut the Iraq Petroleum Co.'s pipeline through Syria and attempted to blackmail his Arab neighbor into giving him \$100 million—a price that Iraq has refused to pay.

While Syria is not a Communist state, an increasing number of far-leftists are being brought into the regime, which already has one Communist minister. At the outset, Jadid and his colleagues felt spiritually more attuned to Red China than to Russia. But Peking's resources are severely limited: although China bought a third of Syria's 1966 cotton crop with convertible sterling, Moscow offered more pragmatic rewards for a longer term. The Soviets last month agreed to finance nearly half the cost of a \$400-million high dam on the Euphrates—Syria's answer to Aswan—that by 1972 will double the nation's irrigated acreage and electrical output, treble its \$60 million cotton crop. The Russians will also string power lines from Aleppo to the dam, build oil storage tanks at the Homs refinery, and lay 500 miles of pipeline, Moscow's Eastern European



ATTASI, JADID AND ZAYYEN



SYRIAN GIRLS IN TRAINING

At the epicenter of the seismographic chart of turmoil.

allies have chipped in \$200 million in aid. It all serves a historical Russian end: an opening on the Mediterranean.

Needed Propping. Though Jadid & Co. despise Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser for his "softness" and seek by their export of terror to take over his leadership, Syria has nonetheless been forced to cooperate with him. But even Egypt, long the revolutionary center of the Middle East, feels nervous about Damascus' rabid adventurism. In order to prevent a major war from growing out of Syria's madness, Nasser signed a mutual defense pact with Syria last November that demands consultation before any major attack on another country. The fact is that Syria's military is too weak to carry off a war on its own against Israel or anyone else.

Militarily, Syria's extremists have fared poorly in their dealings with the Communists. For all the Baathists' burning desire to conquer Israel, Jordan and Saudi Arabia by force of Arab arms, neither Russia nor China is willing to supply sophisticated weapons. The Syrian army (bearing obsolescent Soviet rifles) numbers only 60,000 v. Israel's 250,000. The militia, a home guard called the People's Liberation Army, and the *Futuwa* (Youth) movement add another 100,000 half-trained troops. With fewer than 500 tanks and 126 aircraft (including a mere 26 first-line MIG-21s), Syria's military is woefully underequipped for its ambitions. The purges have cost the army more than half its officers; today's generals were captains three years ago.

Moreover, fully a third of the army is kept in Damascus to prop Jadid up. He needs propping, for Syria not only is a hotbed of external subversion but is seething with domestic plots and counterplots as well. Though Hafez is in jail, his colleagues in the Baath moderate wing are at large and fully capable of stirring up a countercoup. Already they are pumping money into the army ranks, trying to buy key officers to turn against Jadid. Sooner or later, they will make their move.

YUGOSLAVIA

Beyond Dictatorship

One man was missing as the Yugoslav Central Committee met last week in Belgrade's ornate, 19th century Parliament Hall. For the first time since World War II, President Josip Broz Tito was not present to call the tune. He was relaxing at his island hideaway of Brioni, fully content to let his lieutenants transact what business there was. Tito's absence—and his confidence—were symbolic of the country's new relaxation. Yugoslav Communism is evolving toward a less dictatorial—if still far from democratic—form of government.

Last year Yugoslavia underwent a series of events unprecedented under a Communist regime. Tito signed a protocol with the Vatican, purged—and then reprieved—his leading reactionary

lieutenant, Aleksandar ("Marko") Rankovic, and released from 41 years in prison his archheretic, liberal Author Milovan Djilas. In the first such defiance in a Communist state, Slovenian party members bucked their boss, State President Janko Smole, over a planned austerity program, and forced his temporary resignation. The Yugoslav state security agency, UDBA, was cut back by 5,000 cops, and deprived of its power to interrogate suspects outside of court. Most important, Tito declared an end to party "commandism" and declared that Communists must henceforth chart Yugoslavia's course by the force of their arguments and ideology rather than by the pure display of power.

Refulgent Resorts. Tito has begun 1967 just as spectacularly. On Jan. 1, Yugoslavia opened its borders to all for-



YUGOSLAV BUNNIES
Also a change in the shape of state.

eigners, becoming the first Communist country to abolish visas. At the same time, the 300,000 Yugoslavs (out of 20 million) who are employed outside the country, mostly in Western Europe, have no difficulty returning or departing. One good reason: they send home \$70 million a year. To be sure, Tito still holds Author Mihajlo Mihajlov (*Moscow Summer*) in prison for attempting to establish an "opposition" political magazine, but many Western publications are now available in Yugoslavia. Much of Yugoslavia's "liberalization" is dictated by a desire to accumulate foreign exchange; last year some 2,700,000 Westerners visited the country, drawn by refulgent resorts on the sunny Dalmatian coast, casinos, unspoiled countryside and other low-priced attractions, including the first "bunny" clubs in Communist Europe.

Yugoslavia is prospering economical-

ly, thanks largely to Tito's imaginative agricultural and industrial reforms. Yugoslavia claims an extraordinary 1966 economic growth rate of 10%, helped out by a bumper harvest of wheat, corn and sugar beets, plus a surging production of ships, chemicals and petroleum derivatives. A boom has its price, of course: many Yugoslav cities are for the first time experiencing the agonies of rush-hour traffic jams, packed restaurants and overcrowded shops (workers recently shifted from a six- to a five-day week). Nowadays, Tito can even afford the capitalist luxury of strikes—some 700 of them in the last three years, mostly for higher wages.

TOGO

Coup No. 2

It was four years to the day since irate Togolese soldiers murdered President Sylvanus Olympio because he had refused to spend more money on the army. What more appropriate way to celebrate the anniversary than with another coup? So Army Chief of Staff Etienne Guassinghe Eyadéma, 34, did just that. In a swift and bloodless takeover, he ousted President Nicholas Grunitzky, suspended the constitution and the National Assembly, and banned all political parties. Coup No. 2 for tiny Togo (pop. 1,617,000) was the seventh military takeover in a year for Black Africa.

Lieut. Colonel Eyadéma, a burly ex-sergeant in the French colonial army who fought in Indo-China and Algeria, handily admits that it was he who fired the rifle that killed Olympio. The 250-man army then gave power to Grunitzky, a portly, phlegmatic mulatto (his father was German) who spent most of his time taking health cures in France. Last November he had to hurry back from France to head off an abortive coup by followers of Olympio, who accused him of indecision and too close a tie with Togo's former colonial masters in France. When Eyadéma's men moved last week, Grunitzky urgently telephoned Paris and asked if the military treaty he had made with France covered the sending of troops for his own personal protection. At 2 a.m., after a French functionary had relayed the call to Charles de Gaulle, back came the answer: *Non!* But Eyadéma at least spared Grunitzky's life, permitting him to resign the presidency.

THE BAHAMAS

Bad News for the Boys

Only 45 minutes out of Miami by jet, the Bahama Islands have long been one of the favorite playgrounds of Americans. Composed of 700 islands that are washed by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, the Bahamas have a population of only 140,000 people, 85% of them Negro. Yet for many years the islands' fate has been held firmly in the hands of a tight little group of white business-



The Mercedes-Benz 250S: why it's more likely to end up in a museum than a junkyard.

Mercedes-Benz engineers are too busy building efficient machines to bother with frills and annual face-lifts.

Their efforts have earned over 5,400 patents and loyal owners in 158 countries. Their latest achievement is the 250S Sedan, recently introduced as a rather unorthodox competitor in the "luxury" price class.

"It appeals to the intellect, not the libido"

—*Road & Track* magazine

The 250S is unorthodox because it refuses to pander to snobs and status-seekers.

For example, it carries as many people and as much luggage as its status-conscious rivals—but measures a full two feet shorter. A drawback in the show-off sweepstakes, but the 250S darts into parking slots that its hefty cousins can't. It tucks into garages, weaves through traffic, and handles with almost laughable ease.

"It is one of man's most perfect mechanical devices"

—*Car and Driver* magazine

The 250S repays your investment with technical brilliance, not gewgaws. Instead of being satisfied with a conventional suspension, Mercedes-Benz engineers devised a fully independent

suspension that offers "a combination of riding comfort and stability that is the standard for comparison," says *Road & Track*. The source was a world-championship Mercedes-Benz racing car.

Note: The engineers added a hydraulic spring to the rear axle of the 250S. If you stow a heavy load in the trunk, this spring silently pumps itself up. The car keeps riding level.

"The car has enormous stopping power" —*Car and Driver*

Disc brakes are bolted to all four wheels of the 250S, a system identical to 180-mph Grand Prix machines. These fade-free brakes not only stop you, they keep stopping you.

It is almost impossible to lock up the rear wheels in a brutal panic stop. The reason: a valve in the brake system that balances front and rear-wheel braking forces.

While it can loaf all day at 90 mph, the 6-cylinder, single overhead camshaft 250S engine also delivers 20 miles per gallon in normal use. It is machined to tolerances of four 10,000ths of an inch.

Body welded 10,000 times

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burrs, the body is submerged, not dipped, in a primer bath. It emerges with 24 pounds of primer etched on. Another 24 pounds of undercoat protect the underside. Even the insides of the hub caps are sprayed with an anti-corrosion coating.

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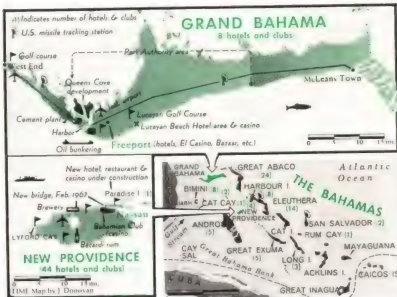


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DEVELOPER GROVES
Rival to Puerto Rico.



P.L.P.'S PINDLING (TOP)
Question of confidence

men known as the "Bay Street Boys," after the main street of the capital of Nassau. The group's two dozen members controlled both Bahamian commerce and politics through their predominantly white United Bahamian Party. Last week the Boys got quite a setback.

In the islands' first parliamentary elections since Britain conferred "limited" independence on them in 1964, the Negro-dominated Progressive Liberal Party and the United Bahamian Party tied with 18 seats each in the 38-seat House of Assembly. To get a parliamentary majority and topple the Boys from power, P.L.P. Leader Lynden Pindling, 36, a Negro lawyer from New Providence Island, wooed to his side the House's two other new members—a white independent, and a Negro laborite. At week's end, after Premier Sir Roland Symonette resigned, Pindling was invited by Governor Sir Ralph Grey to form a new government.

Two Targets. Running only a few Negro candidates, the eleven-year-old Bahamian Party had managed to hold onto power largely through the divisions within the opposition and the apathy of Negro voters, who seemed not to want a change. Thus the party went into last week's election with an almost smug unconcern; it staged no rallies, and its leaders in government even refused interviews. The 14-year-old Progressive Liberal Party, however, campaigned on all the main islands, plastered car and truck bumpers with stickers, and tacked up posters everywhere.

As his issues, Pindling picked two tempting targets. On the one hand, he accused the U.B.P. of making too much use of a good thing—namely, the islands' 1964 constitution, which permits government members to continue their private businesses on the side in place of a salary. The Bay Street Boys, Pin-

dling said, cut themselves and their buddies in on promising investments, got the inside track on government contracts, and accepted questionable "consultant fees" from fellow businessmen. Pindling also found an issue in the islands' gambling, which, though illegal, is permitted at three casinos by specific exemption of the government. Pindling claimed that mob elements were taking over the casinos. To dramatize both charges, he has gone before the United Nations Colonial Committee in New York twice in the past two years, flew to London in November to make the same charges to Fred Lee, then Colonial Secretary, against the United Bahamian Party.

A Miniature Zurich. The campaign worked, despite the fact that the U.B.P.'s paternalistic reign has had some rather impressive results in the Bahamas. Under Premier Symonette and Finance and Tourism Minister Sir Stafford Sands, the islands' economy is booming. Industrial development is spurring, thanks to the Bahamas' cheap labor, plentiful land and absence of income taxes. To lure international funds, the government has turned the islands into a miniature Zurich and induced 77 banks to set up shop, offering 6% interest rates and secret, coded accounts—no questions asked.

But most of all, there is the tourism, which now accounts for more than 90% of the islands' \$150 million annual income. Last year, a record 800,000 vacationers poured into the Bahamas, and by 1968 the total should reach more than 1,000,000 a year, which would leave the islands second only to Puerto Rico in Caribbean tourist traffic. Whether they stay at Lyford Cay, Canadian Millionaire E. P. Taylor's resort on New Providence Island, or at any of the more modest hotels that are budding just about everywhere, the tourists leave

a bundle of foreign exchange behind. Last year, for the convenience of its predominantly American visitors, the Bahamas even switched the official currency from pounds to dollars.

Change on Many Fronts. To keep the tourists coming, developers and investors are sinking millions of dollars into the islands. Former Wall Street Financier Wallace Groves acquired 150,000 acres of scrubland on Grand Bahama Island in the late 1950s, and through his Port Authority has turned it into a \$400 million resort center called Freeport, with six hotels, two gambling casinos, and a commercial and industrial complex of 800 licensed businesses. Aluminum Executive J. Louis Reynolds is converting 13,000 acres on Andros Island into a housing, resort and commercial development that will include a U.S.-British navy undersea research and training center. Pan American's Juan Trippe is developing a section of Eleuthera, has thus far built a private golf course, a 100-room hotel and a nightclub, and has even added a jet strip and two flights a day out of Nassau. Other developments are being pushed on Abaco, Great Exuma, Cat Island and Paradise Island.

Pindling has no illusions about the problems he will face as the islands' first Negro Premier. The old ways of doing business in the Bahamas are deeply entrenched, and Pindling's unproven party will have to win the confidence and respect of investors. A quiet, Nassau-born barrister who earned an LL.B. at the University of London, Pindling promises full-scale reforms that will benefit all instead of just a select minority. "There will be change in direction and emphasis on many fronts," he vowed last week in his drab little law office in downtown Nassau. Among the first changes will be a bill to provide salaries for members of the government.

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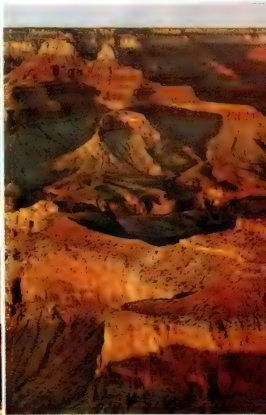
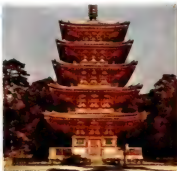
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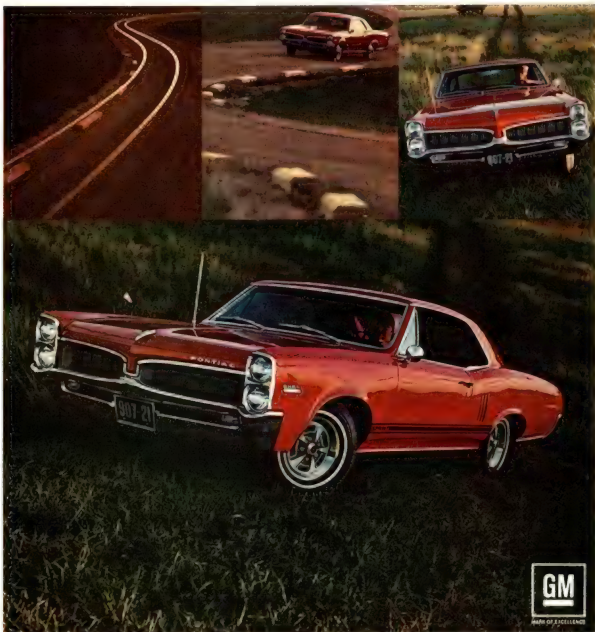
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PEOPLE

Two years ago, in a dry wash known as Kanapoi in Kenya, Harvard Paleontologist Bryan Patterson was poking around for old bones when he came upon what looked like a routine fragment. "I said to myself, 'Ho hum, there's another knuckle bone,'" Patterson told a news conference in Cambridge, Mass., last week. Actually, it was a bit of serendipity. After laboratory analysis of the radioactive decay in the lava surrounding the bone, Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology determined that the bone must be 2,500,000 years old. Since it is a piece of humerus, or upper arm, conforming remarkably to the skeletal structure of modern man, the Kanapoi hominid apparently lived 750,000 years earlier than *Homo habilis*, previously thought to be man's oldest direct ancestor known to have walked erect. Alas, the Kanapoi hominid probably didn't live very long. "The lake there teemed with crocodiles," said Patterson.



PATTERSON & HOMINID BONE
Humerus serendipity.

Beautification begins at home for Lady Bird Johnson. She's proved that handsomely already by garlanding many a nook and cranny of Washington with daffodils and cherry trees. Now her Committee for a More Beautiful Capital has come up with one of the more ambitious beautification schemes since Kubla Khan landscaped Xanadu. Conceived by Landscape Architect Lawrence Halprin, the master plan, to be executed with some \$15 million in public and private contributions, would turn the city's labyrinthine back alleys into pedestrian greenways or community plazas, vacant lots into vest-pocket parks, and dreary asphalt into brick or patterned pavement. Like Lady Bird, who is now on the list for the first time, Washington ought to become one of the ten best dressed in the world.

Joan Kennedy, 30, Senator Teddy's wife, expects her third child in June, which will make old Joe and Rose proud grandparents for the 26th time.



JOAN KENNEDY
Expanded clan.

It was a minor miracle last month when British Yachtsman Francis Chichester, 65, slid into Australia's Sydney harbor after sailing all alone in his 53-ft. ketch *Gipsy Moth II* for 14,000 miles from England by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Chichester arrived safe, happy, and exhausted after 105 days at sea. This week, Chichester will set out alone once more, heading for England by way of the perilous route around South America's Cape Horn, whose vicious seas and fickle winds have destroyed many a fully manned vessel. Back home, another old salt, Captain Alan Villiers, who skipped a replica of the *Mayflower* from England to Massachusetts in 1957, thought that this was tempting providence too far. "I have begged Chichester not to attempt it," said Villiers. "God has been very good to him and very patient. This is asking too much of God."

In a speech before the American Football Coaches Association in Houston, the New York Stock Exchange's retiring president, Keith Funston, 56, did a bit of recruiting for the bulls and the bears. "The values so essential to success on the gridiron are highly prized in business," Funston evangelized, inviting the nation's college-football players to try out for slots in the securities business. Like ideal businessmen, he said, football players are possessed of self-confidence, imagination, leadership and competitive spirit. Funston had better watch out. As a rule, the lads are also big and mean and pretty good at faking.

At the United Nations he may sometimes seem a dogmatic hard-liner. It turns out that Soviet Ambassador Nikolai Fedorenko, 54, is also reasonably good with the one-liners. He showed up on TV's Merv Griffin show, brandish-

ing a thick Havana cigar, which made him look as if he'd learned his Marx from Groucho. As he mentioned Channel 5, the station that broadcasts the show in New York, he grinned: "My wife likes Channel 5 [applause] ... Channel 5 from Paris, you know [laughter]."

Some 1,800 fans of the grand old opera gathered at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria for a celebration of his 65th birthday. "There are many virtues in growing old," General Manager Rudolf Bing told the members of the Metropolitan Opera Guild. After a dour pause, he added: "I'm just trying to think what they are."

Her husband, Producer Carlo Ponti, sat anxiously at her bedside in a Rome clinic, refusing to see even close friends. Finally he did tell one of them: "There is nothing to worry about." Unhappily, there was. That night Actress Sophia Loren, 32, in the fifth month of pregnancy, suffered a miscarriage, her second in two years.

One of the faces was missing from the portrait gallery at the Department of Interior after Albert B. Fall, Warren Harding's Secretary of the Interior, was convicted in 1929 of accepting a \$100,000 bribe to lease some California oil lands to a drilling company. Officials removed his picture from the pantheon of former Secretaries and carted it off to storage. There it remained through the years, while Fall fought an appeal through the courts, eventually served a one-year jail term in 1931 and died a broken man in 1944. Last week Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall had the painting brought back to hang outside his office. Explained Udall: "I simply felt that he was entitled as a former Secretary to have his portrait hanging with those of other Secretaries."



ALBERT FALL PORTRAIT
Back in the pantheon.

THE MORALITY OF WAR

"MORALISTS are unhappy people," wrote Jacques Maritain. A great many Americans are turning into unhappy moralists about the war in Viet Nam. It is a new sensation. Americans are accustomed to feeling right about the fights they get into. The majority probably still feels right—but troubled. The President summed up the uneasy moral choice in his State of the Union Address: "It is the melancholy law of human societies," he said, quoting Thomas Jefferson, "to be compelled sometimes to choose a great evil in order to ward off a greater evil." On the other side, a chorus of clerics, academics and polemicists of every tone proclaim that the U.S. position is evil, or at least morally questionable. When Cardinal Spellman exhorted American soldiers to hope and fight for victory in Viet Nam, he was widely criticized by other churchmen, many of them Roman Catholics. William Sloane Coffin, chaplain of Yale University, has said: "It may well be that, morally speaking, the United States ship of state is today comparable to the *Titanic* just before it hit the iceberg."

There are in the U.S. remarkably few Machiavellians who believe that war is simply a matter of state, beyond questions of good or evil. At the other extreme, there are also relatively few all-out pacifists. Most critics concede that in certain conditions, war is morally justifiable—but assert that this is not the case in Viet Nam. Why one war is justified but not another is an immensely difficult question; the answer, tentative at best, requires logic, precision and a measure of emotional detachment. These qualities are largely missing in the Viet Nam debate. The tendency is to call anything there that is distasteful or tragic "immoral." Yet the concept of a just or an unjust use of force involves complex judgments of means and aims—an accounting of lives and deaths and intentions—that go to the very heart of civilization.

Early Ground Rules

History was well along before it occurred to anybody that there were two ways of looking at war. War was war—bloody, awful, sometimes glorious—and the normal way of which a nation established itself in the days when Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria and Persia were harrying each other for territory and tribute. Aggression invariably had the sanction of a deity. The Israelites' takeover of the Canaanites was commanded by Jehovah himself. And wars were usually as total as soldiers with limited technology could make them.

War to the death only began to go out of style when the belligerents recognized some kind of relationship, as in the case of the Greek city states, which tried to soften their deadly rivalry through diplomacy and mercy. But such temperateness was strictly limited to social equals: Aristotle, who is credited with inventing the term "a just war," could apply it to military action "against men, who, though intended by nature to be governed, will not submit." The Romans took over the idea of a just war as an instrument of efficient administration, and Cicero laid down some pragmatic ground rules. Only states could wage war, he insisted, and only soldiers could fight them—a useful device to preclude revolution. Before one state could attack another, hostilities had to be formally declared, leaving time for reply.

Biblical teaching brought a new note of individual responsibility to war: the One God became the witness to every killing, the unerring judge of every motive. The basic Old Testament rules of warfare were laid down in *Deuteronomy*. Enemies within Israel were to be wiped out, and their cities razed, with the exception of the fruit trees. Cities outside Israel's borders were permitted to become tributaries. If they refused, the Bible permitted the killing only of the men—the women and children had to be taken as slaves. The Jews were also prohibited from fighting on the Sabbath.

The early Christians extended the Sabbath ban against

fighting to every day of the week. A literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount obviously necessitated a pacifist position. Writing against the Christians some time between 170 and 180, the Roman philosopher Celsus made the point that "if all men were to do the same as you, there would be nothing to prevent the king from being left in utter solitude and desertion, and the forces of empire would fall into the hands of the wildest and most lawless barbarians." But Christians ceased to be pacifist when the Emperor Constantine turned Christianity from a fringe sect into the Establishment. It now behooved the church to defend the Christian empire, and St. Augustine, faced with the waves of barbarian invasions, built upon the codes of Aristotle, Plato and Cicero the Christian concept of the just war. First, he said, the motive must be just: "Those wars may be defined as just which avenge injuries" or repel aggression. A just war must be fought with Christian love for the enemy—the Sermon on the Mount was supposed to be followed as "an inward disposition." No one, wrote the saint, "is fit to inflict punishment save the one who has first overcome hate in his heart. The love of enemies admits of no dispensation, but love does not exclude wars of mercy waged by the good."

Old & New Crusades

St. Thomas Aquinas and others expanded Augustine's standards, and the list has been elaborated ever since. Modern criteria of a just war include 1) discrimination between killing soldiers and civilians; 2) reasonable possibility of victory; 3) "proportionality" between the amount of harm done by the war and the benefits hoped for.

Augustine's guidelines were hardly ever fully observed, but the concept of the just war persisted as a potent influence on European thought. The taking of a fellow Christian's life, even in legitimate warfare, was not viewed lightly in medieval times. In 1076, a council at Winchester decreed that any soldier in the Norman Conquest a decade earlier who had killed a man should do penance for a year: all archers were to do penance three times a day for 40 days. Eventually, the church achieved a remarkable palliation of mankind's bellicosity in the Peace of God, which limited the legitimate targets and areas of warfare, and the Truce of God, which prohibited fighting on Fridays, Sundays, and long periods around Christmas and Easter.

But such forbearance was for Christians only. The Crusades to liberate Jerusalem from the infidels amounted to a war of aggression launched by the church, with license for every kind of excess in the name of Christ. That the same body that could impose the Peace and Truce of God should be capable of rejoicing in a cargo of Saracen noses and thumbs or of filling the Temple of Solomon with blood has been the dark paradox of religious faith in every time and place. Just and holy wars are incompatible. The just war is predicated on awareness of human intemperateness, inadequacy and guilt; the holy war drowns all that in the joyous, irresponsible assumption of being an instrument of God's will. In this respect, Protestantism was no different from the Church of Rome. Luther and Calvin reworked Augustine's just-war doctrines, but the religious wars following the Reformation and periodic outbursts of heresy-hunting discarded the Sermon on the Mount for the text from Jeremiah: "Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood."

In the 19th century, when humanism rather than Scripture undergirded much of man's morality, it seemed as though holy wars had become a thing of the past. But the new religion of nationalism was to demand its own crusades. Clergy blessed the guns on both sides as World War I broke out and quickly degenerated into frothing fanaticism: "Kill Germans!" cried the Bishop of London. "To kill them not for the sake of killing, but to save the world, to kill the good

as well as the bad, to kill the young men as well as the old . . . I look upon it as a war for purity." In the U.S. writes Yale Historian Roland H. Bainton, "Jesus was dressed in khaki and portrayed sighting down a gun barrel."

The reaction to the passion and the bloodletting of World War I was a wave of idealistic pacifism. When World War II came 21 years later, the Allies went into it reluctantly, grimly and without elation, faced with an evil as obvious and inarguable as evil can ever be. Even scrupulous moralists agree that World War II was the closest thing to a just war in modern times. And yet, in retrospect, the means were horrifying. The saturation bombings of Hamburg, Dresden and Berlin were designed primarily to kill and demoralize civilians. The atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was justified as taking fewer Japanese and American lives than would have been lost in an invasion. But the fact remains that the bombing of Germany and Japan obliterated the discrimination of a just war between soldier and civilian. This led many Christian thinkers to decide that the concept of the just war was simply no longer applicable in modern times because a nuclear exchange would kill so much of the world's population that whatever good might be aimed for—freedom, for example—would itself be wiped out and rendered meaningless through nearly universal destruction.

The Chief Arguments

There is some limited dissent even from this almost universally held view. According to Lateran University's Monsignor Ferdinando Lambruschini, the destruction of military objectives with nuclear weapons might be morally more justifiable than the bombing of cities with TNT. However, the moral condemnation of nuclear war is relatively obvious and easy. What is often overlooked is the fact that the very horror of using nuclear weapons may have inaugurated a new era in which limited, conventional wars are likelier than before. It is precisely in such limited conflicts that the old just-war principles seem pertinent again. Some churchmen deny this. Says the Rev. Paul Oestreicher of the British Council of Churches: "If the technical criteria of the just war are taken at face value, this is tantamount to pacifism, because no modern war conceivably measures up to them." Nevertheless, most of the moral objections advanced against the Viet Nam war are generally put in terms of the just-war principles, and they move quickly from moral abstraction to practical questions. Among the chief arguments:

► **Aggression or Civil War.** A government's right to make war in self-defense was reaffirmed by the Vatican Council in a statement that otherwise directly warned against the evil of total war. Some Viet Nam critics believe that the Korean War involved a legitimate case of self-defense because the Communist attack occurred clearly across an established border line, and was carried out by an organized army; besides, South Korea's defense was a U.N. action. In contrast, they consider the Viet Nam conflict a civil war. This overlooks the fact that there is such a thing as indirect aggression, and every realistic observer knows that outside Communist help for the Viet Cong is a decisive factor.

► **Civilian Casualties.** Killing civilians for the purposes of terror and demoralization is morally indefensible, all theologians and moral philosophers agree, violating the just-war principle of discrimination. The conditions of warfare in which a factory can be as much of a military installation as an airfield has created inevitable new hazards for noncombatants. And Mao Tse-tung's dictum, "There is no profound difference between the farmer and the soldier," underlies the special problems created by guerrilla warfare. The U.S. is not deliberately trying to destroy and demoralize civilians; it is guerrilla tactics and terror that attempt this. Writes Dr. Paul Ramsey, professor of Christian ethics at Princeton: "If the guerrilla chooses to fight between, behind and over peasants, women and children, is it he or the counter-guerrilla who has enlarged the legitimate target and enlarged it so as to bring unavoidable death and destruction upon a large number of innocent people?"

► **The Possibility of Victory.** Obviously, neither side in Viet Nam can win, some critics argue, and thus to continue a

painful war of attrition, which is gradually destroying the whole country, is indefensible. It violates the just-war principle that victory must be a reasonable possibility. Yet victory could mean various things, including an undramatic fading-away of the Viet Cong or an internationally enforced compromise. Thus defined, victory may still be called remote or even unlikely, but it is by no means impossible.

All these arguments eventually hinge on the question of proportion: whether the toll in death and pain is proportionate to the possible gains. The most vocal critics of U.S. policy answer no, but for various reasons. Scarcely anyone argues that a favorable outcome in Viet Nam is essential to American survival. On the other hand, few would agree with the position at the opposite extreme—taken by U Thant, among others—that Viet Nam is completely unimportant to U.S. interests. Chicago Professor Hans Morgenthau, a strong critic of U.S. participation in Viet Nam, defines that what is moral is what is dictated by "the national interest, rightly understood." The essence of the debate is about a right understanding of the national interest.

The liberal Roman Catholic magazine *Commonweal* echoes a widespread opinion when it admits that the outcome of the war will make a difference but maintains that it cannot be "the decisive difference needed to justify a war that will last longer than any America has ever fought, employ more U.S. troops than in Korea, cost more than all the aid we have ever given to developing nations . . . kill and maim far more Vietnamese than a Communist regime would have liquidated . . . The evil outweighs the good." The difficulty in this position is that it involves all kinds of intangible calculations, judgments and prophecies. Who can really balance the destruction of war against the slaughter of political enemies that would result from a Communist takeover? Who can really count future casualties in Viet Nam and weigh them against the casualties of another war that might have to be fought later in Thailand? These are agonizing questions, on which decent men can reach different conclusions. Even, says Professor Ramsey, if the conflict in South Viet Nam itself were to destroy "more values than there is hope of gaining, one must not forget that there are more values and securities and freedoms" to be reckoned with beyond Viet Nam—in Asia and elsewhere in the world.

Path of Love

This is acknowledged in principle by many of the critics, who concede that one cannot rule out the need for violence in the fight for justice and who can even visualize hypothetical future wars or revolutions (for example in Latin America) against unjust or tyrannical regimes; yet they feel that this does not apply to Viet Nam. The evil represented by Communism simply is not as clear or overwhelming in the minds of most people today as was the evil of Nazism. Britain's Oestreicher allows that "tyranny is not peace" and believes that the use of violence against tyranny may be moral (for instance, the Hungarian uprising), but at the same time condemns the Vietnamese war as unjust. The Archbishop of Canterbury defends the U.S. right to be in Viet Nam because it is there "with the right motive, withstanding Communist aggression," but refuses to concede that any modern war can be just.

Such self-contradictory statements reflect the tortured attempts to reconcile morality with the hard facts of history. It is a task for which modern Western man, and particularly the American, is ill prepared. The U.S., as the most powerful nation in the world, has never systematically thought out the legitimate uses and the inevitable limitations of power. The answer cannot lie either in mere swagger or in mere compassion. The age-old problem of reconciling love and justice is cogently analyzed by German Catholic Theologian Karl Rahner, who feels that "it is impossible to make our existence a paroxysm of nonviolence." The Christian "should always first opt for the path of love; yet as long as this world exists, a rational, hard, even violent striving for justice may well be the secular personification of love." Love, or even justice, may only be dimly discernible in the brutal landscape of Viet Nam—but that does not change the principle.

OPERA

Back to Bel Canto

Who do they think they are, these people who want to teach us our trade? We know it ever so much better than they do. Let composers stick to their métier and let us do ours! Composers who write out ornaments are just imitating a dangerous foreign fashion, one which is unworthy of good Italians!

So wrote the famed castrato soprano Pier Francesco Tosi in his book *Observations on the Florid Song*, which was the basic handbook for opera singers during the 18th century. In those days, singers freely ornamented composers' scores with their own improvised embellishments in a style known as *bel canto* (literally, "beautiful singing"). To to-

setting grace notes or unaccompanied passages, some of which lasted as long as the aria itself. They combined the range of the female voice with the power of the male, interposing a dizzying array of appoggiaturas, mordents, cadenzas, slides, slurs, shakes, trills, turns and leaps. For tonal purity, flexibility, precision and breath control, it was a display of vocal acrobatics that has never been equaled.

In 18th century Italy, reports Pleasants, women singers were considered hardly better than prostitutes and were banned throughout the Papal States. Thus most female roles were sung by *castrati*, who were paid four times as much as the other singers, up to 20 times as much as the composers. Some tenacious women singers masqueraded

vast ensemble subject to the conductor's direct guidance and control."

And so it rigidly remained until the 1950s, when Maria Callas set the opera world on its ear by reviving the *bel canto* operas of Donizetti, Bellini and Rossini, and demonstrated that *bel canto* embellishments could be used to impart new and exciting interpretations to a role. She has since been followed by Sutherland, and in the past few years, virtually every major young singer to appear, including Teresa Berganza, Marilyn Horne and Montserrat Caballé, has performed in *bel canto* operas.

Chance to Get Away. It had to happen, says Pleasants, it only as an antidote to the dulling sameness of the note-perfect performances. A boldly outspoken theorist, Pleasants goes so far as to say that this straitjacket is so confining that some pop vocalists such as Peggy Lee and Frank Sinatra, whose jazz



JOAN SUTHERLAND



MARIA CALLAS



HENRY PLEASANTS



FRANK SINATRA



ELLA FITZGERALD

Out of the straitjacket with a pop.

day's purists, who worshipfully preach note-for-note fidelity to the composer, the style is strictly bellow-canto. Nevertheless, performances in opera houses and on recordings are now being lauded with so many variations on old arias that Tosi would sing for joy.

In the new London recording of *Semiramide*, for example, most of the dazzling trills and turns, runs and roulades sung by Joan Sutherland were not written by Rossini but by her husband, Conductor Richard Bonynge. *La Stupenda's* enormous success with *bel canto* embroidery, now emulated by a long and impressive roster of young singers, underscores the most significant change in opera singing in 150 years.

Slurs & Shakes. The history of *bel canto* and the reasons for its revival are chronicled in a lively new book by Musicologist Henry Pleasants, *The Great Singers* (Simon & Schuster: \$7.50). The first prima donnas of *bel canto* were not donnas at all but male sopranos and contraltos. These *castrati*, who commanded the center stage of opera for more than 100 years, until the end of the 18th century, constituted about 70% of all male singers. They postured and strutted on the stage like peacocks, improvising elaborate vocal filigrees, in-

as *castrati* (which caused occasional—and embarrassing—sexual complications). When women were finally accepted on all opera stages in the early 1800s, the vain *castrati* resented the competition. The result was some classic vocal jousts. *Castrato* Domenico Cappelletti, for instance, liked to fluster the sopranos during duets by spiraling off on melodic tangents that had no resemblance to the score; Soprano Angelica Catalani, while singing in England, tried to hold her own by tossing in elaborate variations of *God Save the King* in every opera she sang.

Verdi's Veto. The inevitable revolt against such excesses came in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, when German composers such as Wagner and Strauss insisted on *Werktreue*—allegiance to the printed score. At the end of his career, even Verdi was threatening to sue any opera house that permitted singers to change a single note of his music. The *castrato* vogue gradually faded, and as the size and interpretive importance of the orchestra multiplied, the composer became the dominant figure in opera. "The singer's margin of creative and imaginative freedom was inevitably inhibited," says Pleasants, "and he became a single element in a

improvisations are a direct counterpart of *bel canto*, are "technically better than most opera singers." The voice of Ella Fitzgerald, whom he regards as the prima donna of pop, "is so naturally placed that she can sing more in a week than most opera singers can in a month." The talsetto wailings of the Beach Boys and Beatle Paul McCartney all echo the early 19th century *bel canto* singers, he adds. Beyond their interpretive freedom, the major link between pop singers and the *bel canto* tradition is the microphone, which allows vocalists to sing more naturally, without straining to make themselves heard above a thundering opera house orchestra.

To stay vital, says Pleasants, opera singers must look backward to *bel canto* because they have nothing to look forward to. He contends that the tortuously difficult vocal writing of modern composers is so contrary to the melodic essence of song that it is beyond salvation. The futurity, he says, is reflected in Basso Cesare Siepi's lament that "I have nothing against modern composers. But what have they got against me?" The only answer, concludes Pleasants, is for the singers "to go back to the old music. They can have a lot of fun doing it, and we'll have a lot of fun listening to it."

Miller High Life

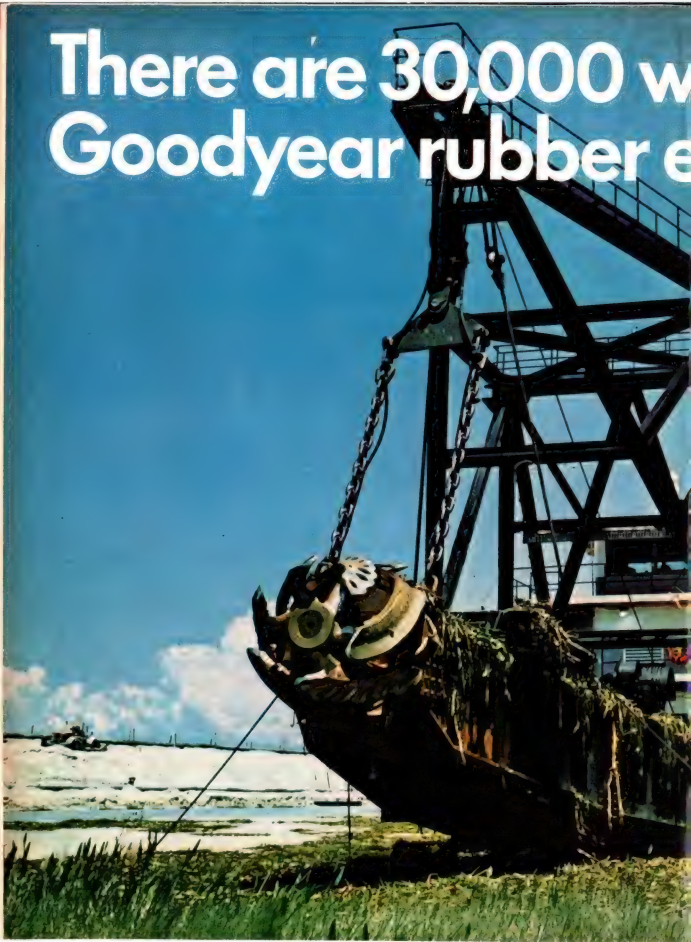
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THE PRESS

COMICS

Which One Is the Phoonie?

Joanie Phoonie is a sight. She has a roller coaster of a nose, unraveled hair, and sandal straps that look as if they're devouring her legs. She douses herself with deodorant, wallops down caviar in front of famished children. She sings of brotherhood to incite student riots. When one song triggers only three uprisings, she composes another she is sure will be a blockbuster: "A Molotov cocktail or two—Will blow up the boys in blue." Could it be Joan Baez?

Joan Baez thinks so. In fact, she's so sure Al Capp's cartoon character is a take-off on her that she has demanded an apology and the immediate execution of the comic-strip abomination. "Either out of ignorance or malice," she wailed, "he has made being for peace equal to being for Communism, the Viet Cong and narcotics." Just as captiously, the cartoonist growled that Joanie wasn't Joan. "She should remember that protest-singers don't own protest. When she protests about others' rights to protest, she is killing the whole racket."

She also protested all the talk in the strip about the amount of money a folk singer earns. "Capp must be jealous," she sniffled. He may have reason. Now on a tour of Japan, protester Joan is making \$8,500 per appearance.



JOAN BAEZ

MY FIRST SONG WILL BE THE ONE THAT WON THE "BROTHERHOOD AWARD"—"**BAGELS AND BACON**"!!



JOANIE PHOONIE

Protest over a protester protesting protest.



YARBOROUGH, J.F.K., CONNALLY & L.B.J. IN TEXAS

Still enough to stir up several storms.

PUBLISHING

Start the Presses

After nearly a month of negotiations, the highly publicized battle over William Manchester's *The Death of a President* was settled last weekend except for the tidying up of the final legal formalities. The agreement gave Harper & Row clearance to publish the controversial book on schedule in April with nothing in it that Jacqueline Kennedy wanted out.

The settlement became possible only after the publisher agreed to chop out as many as 10,000 words from the 300,000-word manuscript, and Manchester consented to turn over tapes of Jackie's candid remarks to him during a ten-hour interview. The tapes will be sequestered for 100 years before anyone will be allowed to hear them.

What has become more apparent as more passages from the book leak out is that its portrayal of Lyndon B. Johnson was lopsidedly prejudiced. The early versions, in fact, made John F. Kennedy so heroic and Johnson so villainous that some readers wondered if they were reading fiction or fact. It was so prejudiced that even before the Kennedy suit, Manchester had been persuaded by his publisher and Kennedy advisers to eliminate much of the offending material, including the opening chapter which, reportedly, had L.B.J. virtually forcing the late President to go hunting, kill a deer and have it mounted for his office.

Still, some anti-Johnson material remained. Only in recent weeks was Manchester, at the urging of his publisher, induced to modify a malicious passage that hinted at Johnson's being a violent man. In checking many sections of the manuscript, Jackie Kennedy read great chunks of it—often with considerable surprise. After reading Manchester's claim that there was an ugly feud between the Kennedy party and Johnson on the flight back to Washington from Dallas, she said: "I had no awareness that this was going on. All I could think of was my husband in that coffin."

Now that the book is ready to roll, insiders estimate that hard-cover sales

will earn some \$2,000,000 for the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library, and Author Manchester, who has often said that he did not expect to make much from the work, will get rewards from magazine, Book-of-the-Month Club, foreign and paperback rights that will add up to a tidy fortune of more than \$2,500,000.

What the Fuss Was About

Last week's *Look* was printed amid utmost secrecy. Shipped out in sealed trains and trucks, the magazines quickly sold out on newsstands across the U.S. Subscription copies were stolen from the mail. Xeroxed facsimiles passed from hand to hand.

Naturally, it was, after all, the first installment of *The Death of a President*. Yet readers, after getting through these first four chapters, may well have asked themselves what all the fuss was about. There was little that was new or startling. The 1,600 words that Jackie deleted were hardly missed. Manchester wrote slickly; yet he did not indulge in emotionalism nor did he dwell on personal detail.

Illusion of Spontaneity. For a man who is supposed to adore the late President, Manchester did not hesitate to portray him in his last hours as harassed and irascible. J.F.K. is described as chewing out Brigadier General Godfrey McHugh for wrongly forecasting cool weather in Texas. He orders Jackie to wear "simple" clothes to "show these Texans [original version: "those rich Texas broads"] what good taste really is." While making a speech in Houston, Kennedy's hands shook so violently that they seemed palsied. "To his audiences," writes Manchester, "his eyes appeared unstudied. The illusion of spontaneity was almost perfect; only his hands would have betrayed him, and he was careful to keep them out of sight."

In lean prose, Manchester skillfully traces Oswald's mounting frustrations and emphasizes his wife Marina's role in bringing him to the breaking point. "Lee," he writes, "had thought he had found a beautiful, dedicated Communist who would forever be his submissive darling. He had expected her to scorn



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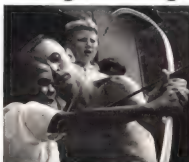
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the world that scorned him and reject the materialism of a capitalist society." Instead, she jeered at all his failures and paid him the ultimate insult of leaving him. Somewhat melodramatically, Manchester pictures Oswald "going mad" while watching a flickering TV set the night before the murder. The author never wavers in his conviction that Oswald acted alone and was clearly demented.

Down on Dallas. Despite the even tone of the narrative, Manchester manages to say enough to stir up several storms. He contends that Kennedy went to Texas to patch up a quarrel between the followers of conservative Governor John Connally Jr. and those of liberal Senator Ralph Yarborough. If there is a villain (other than Oswald) in the Manchester piece, it is Connally, who—says Manchester—wanted to use the presidential visit to serve his own political ends. Calling a press conference, Connally insisted that Kennedy came to Texas to mend his own political fortunes, not to resolve a local quarrel. Moreover, Connally said that he, too, had advised the President not to come. Labeling the book an "astounding propaganda instrument based on unfounded rumor, distortion and inconsistency," Connally promised to publish his own version of the events.

Manchester is as rough on Dallas as he is on Connally. "There was something in Dallas unrelated to conventional politics—a disease of the spirit, a shrill hysterical note suggestive of a deeply troubled society." Calling this "guilt by geography," Columnist William S. White dismissed the book as one more vain attempt by "extreme Kennedy cultists" to blame Dallas for the tragedy. In another outraged rebuttal, Texas Senator John Tower declared that all the churning hate emanated from the left, not the right. Claiming that he had been threatened so much that he had to move from his home for a few days, Tower attributed the uproar to "knee-jerk ultraliberals of Mr. Manchester's stripe."

Sensitive to Censorship. The main excision from the first *Look* installment is a tender, somewhat girlish, letter Jackie sent her husband from Greece the preceding summer. Yet even that was available to readers. *Stern*, a sensational German picture weekly, ignored the entreaties of both *Look* and Bobby Kennedy and ran the letter. Editor Henri Nannen loftily explained that after experiencing "a censored press for twelve years," Germans were in no mood for more censorship. Nevertheless, Nannen did not hesitate to delete other portions of the manuscript dealing with U.S. politics; he left so little, in fact, that *Stern's* version does not make much sense.

Though it may be unfair to judge the work before it appears in unabridged book form next April, it is already clear that the book that was supposed to set everything straight on the assassination has simply added to the controversy.



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MEDICINE

PHYSIOLOGY

United unto Death

In the world they made for themselves, Siamese Twins Margaret and Mary Gibb were not only accustomed to their affliction. They came to prefer it. As adults they refused even to discuss the possibility of separation. To them, such a move would have seemed no less than amputation of a major limb. In recent weeks their feeling haunted their physician, Dr. John Appel, because though Mary seemed entirely healthy, Margaret was suffering from rapidly spreading cancer. But the sisters did not change their view, and last week when Margaret's cancer had spread to her lungs and heart, it had also spread to



MARY & MARGARET GIBB (1949)
Not only accustomed, preferred.

Mary. They died, at 54, within two minutes of each other.

From the start, their mother recalled, the personalities of the non-identical twins "had always been different." Mary was overweight, easygoing and carefree; Margaret was thin, high-strung, and always worried about health and finances. They earned their first money at 16 doing a vaudeville song-and-dance act in the U.S. and later in Europe. After a series of jobs in circuses, they retired to open a gift shop in their home town of Holyoke, Mass. When it closed in 1949, they lived in near-seclusion until their deaths.

Joined by bone and flesh just above the buttocks, they had separate organs except for the rectum. Neither felt the other's pain, and their circulatory systems were largely separate. But a few, small arterial branches "appeared to connect," said Pathologist H. Paul Wakefield, and evidently transported the cancer. He could not be more specific, because his autopsy did not include a

microscopic examination of the twins' connected tissues. They had requested that they not be separated even after death—so that they could be buried in a special coffin in the state in which they had lived and died.

CARDIOLOGY

When Beer Brought the Blues

The 39-year-old Quebec stevedore complained of stomach pains, weight loss, nausea, shortness of breath and a cough. Most frightening of all, his face had turned a morbid blue-grey. Doctors suspected a severe vitamin deficiency, but when 49 identical cases appeared within seven months in the Quebec area, they questioned their first diagnosis.

Twenty of the patients died, some within 24 hours after entering the hospital. Autopsies revealed crippling damage to the heart muscle and also the liver. Searching for some common denominator, Drs. Yves Morin, André Têtu and Gaston Mercier found that they all drank an uncommon amount of beer—a Rabelaisian average of twelve quarts a day.

Cobalt in the Head. The brand that they favored was Dow, a Canadian beer brewed in Montreal and Quebec. But no problem had been encountered in Montreal. What was the difference between the two brewing processes? In Quebec, an extra dose of a cobalt salt had been added to build and hold the beer's foamy head. When? One month before the first patient's symptoms appeared. Though the amount of cobalt was well below legal levels, and though no conclusive cause-effect proof could be made, Dow dumped \$1,260,000 worth of the suds into the sewer and eliminated the cobalt from the beer's ingredients. The incidence of cases immediately dropped to zero.

One month later, the same strange symptoms, complete with blue facial mottling, were reported from Omaha. There was a total of 64 cases, with 30 deaths. The stricken Americans were not such heavy boozers as the Canadians, but they did average a six-pack a day. Quebec's Dr. Morin flew to Omaha. Sure enough, a check with a local brewery turned up cobalt. It was eliminated and so was the disease.

Unclear Process. In reporting on the two outbreaks before the New York Academy of Sciences last week, Dr. Morin and Dr. James Sullivan of Omaha's Creighton University still hesitated to blame cobalt absolutely. The heart-muscle damage was indeed characteristic of the poisoning effects of cobalt buildup. But none of the victims had actually consumed enough cobalt to poison a normal person. The doctors theorized that the patients' alcoholic habits had in some way lessened their systems' ability to handle the added chemical.

But the physicians are still anxious to

discover exactly how the debilitating process works. A "good beer drinker" himself, Dr. Sullivan pointed out that not a single case was reported among any brewery employees, although they are allowed to wet their whistles while they work. In recent months, Dr. Sullivan has been trying to induce the disease in rats by feeding them cobalt-laced beer. Unfortunately, he reports, "our beer-drinking rats are the fattest, happiest rats around."

SPACE

In the Bag

When a long distance space traveler of the future returns to the gravity of earth, will his heart still be up to the job of pumping blood through his body? After weeks, months or years in the resistanceless atmosphere of space, might



TESTING THE LBNP
To prime the pump.

it be out of training? To head off such a deconditioning, Lockheed Aircraft Corp.—under contract to the Air Force—last week announced development of the inelegantly titled Lower Body Negative Pressure device.

The LBNP looks like an oil drum and can be fastened tightly at the waist. Made of rubberized, aluminum-lined canvas, it creates an airtight bag for the body's bottom half. Air is pumped out to create a partial vacuum. Since cabin air pressure is therefore greater on the body's upper half, some blood is forced into the lower part—approximating the effect of gravity—and the heart must make an earthlike extra effort to keep blood moving down below.

If tests in space prove its efficacy, future astronauts will probably spend part of their waking and sleeping hours in the LBNP. And they will work out in it as well. Lockheed already has an exercise-cycle that fits comfortably inside the bag so that astronauts can pedal to get the blood moving more rapidly.



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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Bright & Early

The phone rang in NBC's Washington studio just as Correspondent Ray Scherer wrapped up a *Today* show interview with Ambassador-at-Large Averell Harriman. Scherer picked it up only to catch an earful of criticism. "You didn't look as good as he did," the caller complained. "The lighting on you wasn't good." Scherer's critic was neither his wife nor *Today*'s New York producer—it was Lyndon Johnson.

The White House is just one of 2,000,000 U.S. homes that cannot start the day without *Today* (7-9 a.m. local time, Monday through Friday). The President watches the program from his bed, turning the volume up during the Washington sequences. Across town, 70% of the Congress and most Cabinet members are regular viewers. Secretary of State Rusk has gone so far as to position his bedroom TV so that he can see *Today* in his shaving mirror. Beyond the Potomac, Atlanta Constitution Publisher and Syndicated Columnist Ralph McGill watches "with great frequency." TV Chef Julia Child does her morning calisthenics by it. On the West Coast, Danny Kaye and Pat Brown are fans. In Manhattan, *Today* is one of the two programs (the other: the Huntley-Brinkley Report) that RCA Boss David Sarnoff watches regularly, and even William Paley, board chairman of rival CBS, is said to find *Today* irresistible.

Missiles & Muggs. After 15 years on the air, *Today* still commands a caliber of audience that keeps guests and advertisers waiting in line for exposure. Commercial time is almost sold out, at \$7,000 a network minute, for 1967; and last week's visitors ranged from Hubert Humphrey to Helen Hayes, Bobby Kennedy to Cassius Clay. *Today* was the platform that Adlai Stevenson chose to rebut the *Saturday Evening Post*'s article depicting him as a craven dove during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. It was the launching pad for Nelson Rockefeller's 1964 campaign for the Republican presidential nomination, the forum from which Japanese Premier Hayato Ikeda apologized to the U.S. for the 1964 stabbing of Ambassador Edwin Reischauer, the program on which Dwight and Mamie Eisenhower spent the morning of their 50th anniversary.

Today's successful formula combines a feeling for the news with a concern for culture and tries, like a daily newsmagazine, to encompass all human activity. The show did not shake down overnight, though, as film clips from a nostalgic anniversary program last week made embarrassingly evident. For the first nine years, Dave Garroway was host, or rather referee. Engineers, visible from behind the anchor desks, used to wave to their wives; J. Fred Mugs, the rubber-panted chimp, ran amuck on daily cue; publicists seemed to own

the show, particularly if they were pushing gimmicky toys or beauty queens. Then Newsman John Chancellor (now director of the Voice of America) took over in a 14-month interregnum that tautened the ship and sobered the crew.

Unexpected Humor. Currently on deck are the show's third host, the unflappable and civilized Hugh Downs, and *Today*'s 31st woman panelist, Barbara Walters. Backing them up are the show's newscaster for 14 years, Frank Blair; Judith Crist, the acidulous film critic for Manhattan's World Journal Tribune; and ex-Ballplayer Joe Garagiola, a droll man-about-the-locker room. Also on tap are the NBC news force and a special

nual budget (\$3,000,000) that is less than the network spends on *Man from U.N.C.L.E.*. Producer Al Morgan is justified in saying: "I think we do pretty well about four days a week."

THE STAGE

Bleak House

What the U.S. needs is more and better repertory theaters. The Lincoln Center Repertory Company opened in 1964 with great expectations but it has been a bleak house.

Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead, its first directors, lasted one season. Then in 1965, the center brought in Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, two professors who had founded San Francisco's highly touted Actor's Workshop.



HUGH DOWNS (CENTER) & GUESTS AT ANNIVERSARY SHOW
And one fan even watches it in his shaving mirror.

14-writer staff, which help *Today* prepare four newscasts and a daily 8:09 "Viet Nam Report," as well as a series of vest-pocket documentaries (air pollution, mental retardation, black power and the John Birch Society).

Interviews with political figures often produce news as well as information. Sometimes they even produce unexpected humor. A few years ago, Oregon's Wayne Morse appeared on the show with Newsman Martin Agronsky. Before they went on the air, Agronsky told Morse that he would tap the Senator on the knee when his time was up. Twice during the interview, Agronsky gave Morse the warning, but Morse kept talking. Finally, Agronsky kicked the Senator in the ankle. Morse turned to him and said: "No use your kicking me, Martin. I'm going to finish what I started to say."

Despite *Today*'s enterprise, the program does suffer at times from somnolence (perhaps because the regulars must be at the studio by 6 a.m.), from an occasional overdose of promotions for other NBC shows, and from a failure to move fast enough on some news features. Considering, though, that *Today* fills 520 hours a year on an an-

Their first production, *Danton's Death*, was nearly their own, critically speaking. Afterward, when Blau was asked if the reviewers were out to get the new team, he replied: "Nonsense. The knives are always out for you. The only way to deal with it is to be powerful in your art." Last week, five productions and long knives later, Blau admitted that his art had had a total power failure.

Blau and Irving had tried too hard with too little. Their company (including their own wives) was unseasoned, their stage—an apron affair—was too difficult, and their repertory (Brecht, Sartre, Lorca) too demanding. By last week, with all of their efforts widely panned, Blau resigned, wrote the center's trustees: "The climate is no longer right for me to do what I came to do. Perhaps my going will clear the atmosphere so the theater may move freshly in whatever course of action it must take now." Irving will stay on as sole director at least until the end of the season, but probably no longer than the expiration of his contract in 1968.

From left: Dave Garroway, Current Panelist Barbara Walters, Downs, ex-Panelist Louise King, John Chancellor.

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

A Vote for the Press over Privacy

The "right to be let alone" took a vital new direction in the 1890 *Harvard Law Review*. In an article that was to become the most famous of all U.S. law-review articles, Boston Attorneys Samuel D. Warren and Louis D. Brandeis denounced yellow-press invasions of "the sacred precincts of private and domestic life." The denunciation contained obvious merit: over the years, 34 states have guaranteed personal privacy in varying degrees. The denunciation also bore the seeds of conflict with the First Amendment guarantee of freedom of the press. Sooner or later, the Supreme Court would obviously have to settle a basic question: To what extent does the First Amendment in-

CORRELL CAPRICH/LIFE



"LIFE" SCENE FROM HAYES PLAY
Minor errors are forgiven.

munize the press from observance of state privacy laws?

Last week the court answered that question for the first time. Out went a New York privacy judgment against Time Inc., publisher of *LIFE* magazine. In came a new standard: the First Amendment protects the press against privacy suits for false news reports—unless the plaintiff manages to prove conclusively that the report was deliberately or recklessly false.

"Re-enactment." In 1952, James Hill and his family were held captive for 19 hours by three escaped convicts in their suburban home near Philadelphia. The Hills later told newsmen that the convicts had been completely courteous. After police caught the fugitives, killing two of them in the process, the Hills moved to Connecticut and shunned further publicity. But in 1955, playwright Joseph Hayes dramatized a similar ordeal of the "Hilliard" family in *The Desperate Hours*. In the Hayes

version, the convicts beat Mr. Hilliard and subjected his daughter to a verbal sexual insult.

So far, no clear connection. But when the play opened in Philadelphia, *LIFE* photographed the cast playing some of the scenes in the Hills' old house. The Hills were not consulted about it. *LIFE* headlined its story *TRUE CRIME INSPIRES TENSE PLAY*. Without clear qualification, it described the play as having "re-enacted" the Hills' harrowing experience.

Though the article lauded their "heroism," the Hills were so upset by the publicity that they charged *LIFE* with having "fictionalized" their experience to serve "commercial purposes." While accurately reporting the play, they argued, *LIFE* inaccurately reported them as having been mistreated. However sympathetic the story, they said, the magazine had "perpetrated a hoax on its readers."

Charging invasion of privacy, the Hills sued *LIFE*'s corporate parent, Time Inc., under an old, tough New York State civil rights statute that requires the written consent of any living person when his name or picture is used "for the purposes of trade." Originally aimed at unscrupulous advertising, that law was a 1903 byproduct of the Warren-Brandeis article. To avoid conflict with the First Amendment, New York courts have construed it as permitting the press truthfully to portray anyone without his consent as long as he was involved in news of public interest. But that privilege rarely if ever protected false or "fictionalized" reporting.

Fatal Omission. At the trial, the *LIFE* writer testified that he had honestly believed the Hilliard play mirrored the "heart and soul" of the Hill incident. But the jury found *LIFE* at least negligent and perhaps even reckless or intentional in overlooking readily available news reports showing that the Hills were not mistreated.

The Hills eventually won a \$30,000 judgment, which New York's highest court upheld. In appealing to the Supreme Court, Time Inc. lawyer Harold Medina Jr. argued that the First Amendment permits honest mistakes in reporting legitimate news. Calling the New York law unconstitutional, Medina cited a "fatal omission"—the law did not require plaintiffs to prove "intentional falsehood." Appearing as the Hills' lawyer, former Vice President Richard Nixon answered that *LIFE*'s mistake was so egregious as to be outside the protection of the First Amendment. Nixon charged the magazine with "reckless disregard for the plaintiff's rights."

By a vote of 6 to 3, the Supreme Court reversed the judgment against *LIFE*, but even the majority was splintered as to reasons for the reversal. Speaking for the court, Justice William

J. Brennan approved a recent ruling by New York's top court that limits the law to news stories suffering from "material and substantial falsification." Minor errors are forgiven. But to survive under the First Amendment, said Brennan, the statute needs a further safeguard. Specifically, the trial judge did not clearly instruct the jury that Hill could only recover if *LIFE* perpetrated a "knowing or reckless falsity." As a result, the Hills must try again if they hope to collect from Time Inc. Last week Lawyer Nixon announced that the Hills will seek a new trial.

All nine Justices agreed that First Amendment freedom of the press requires "generous construction." Beyond that, opinions differed sharply. Justices Black and Douglas thought the court had not gone far enough in protecting freedom of expression. Justice Harlan thought it had gone too far in immunizing careless reporting. Justice Abe Fortas spoke for himself and two other dissenters (Warren and Clark) in arguing that the majority had no good reason to reverse. As Fortas saw it, the judge's instructions and the jury's verdict left no doubt that the jury had found *LIFE* guilty of "knowing or reckless falsity." If Plaintiff Hill can "stand the emotional and financial burden" of a new trial, said Fortas, "there is reason to hope that he will recover damages for the reckless and irresponsible assault upon himself and his family which this article represents."

Press Priority. In pending state privacy laws to the First Amendment, the court invoked *New York Times Co. v. Sullivan*, the famous 1963 defamation decision that public officials can collect from their critics only for a damaging statement "made with 'actual malice'—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard for whether it was false or not." Though it borrowed the *Times* standard, the court was careful to point out that it was not imposing that burden of proof on private persons alleging defamation. Hill's claim was not that he had been defamed, only that he had not been "let alone."

In sum, the Supreme Court held that when it comes to reporting legitimate news, the New York privacy law must yield to the Constitution's First Amendment. And it ruled that in invasion-of-privacy cases the plaintiff must prove malice on the part of the "invader." These rulings will probably eliminate many of the nuisance cases filed against magazines and newspapers.

The rulings strike the concept of privacy a considerable blow, but "freedom of discussion" takes priority, said Brennan. "We create grave risk of serious impairment of the indispensable service of a free press in a free society if we saddle the press with the impossible burden of verifying to a certainty the facts associated in news articles with a person's name, picture or portrait, particularly as related to nondefamatory matter."

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ART



BUST OF COPPEARELLI



PUTTI BY YOUNG BERNINI



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While most children were still mastering their letters.

SCULPTURE

Testaments to a Baroque Prodigy

What the Caesars left undone in Rome, one baroque genius, Gian Lorenzo Bernini, tried in the 17th century to finish singlehanded. He was as famous in his day as Michelangelo had been in his, and justly so. For in a lifetime he not only completed St. Peter's by adding its embracing colonnade; he also churned out sculptural piazzas by the dozen, did work for eight popes and sculpted six. He was a man for all the arts. A contemporary English diarist, John Evelyn, noted that Bernini once "gave a public opera wherein he painted the scenes, cut the statues, invented the engines, composed the music, writ the comedy and built the theater."

In his art Bernini reached for totality, and his ultimate goal, on which he spent 81 years, was to turn all Rome into one magnificent work of baroque art. He not only thought in grandiose terms, he also started amazingly young. Last week Irving Lavin, 39, art-history professor at New York University, announced discoveries in Rome that appear to be accomplished sculptures done when Bernini was as young as ten, an age when most children are still mastering their letters.

At Rome's American Academy, Lavin revealed five new sculptures that he attributed to Bernini: a small boy with dragon, two marble putti in the Barberini chapel in the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, plus two portrait busts from Confraternita della Pietà (17th century charity hospital demolished in 1937), long forgotten in the cellar of an adjacent church. Each is stamped with the baroque characteristic of the human presence hyperpersonified, with anatomy in strain, gestures exaggerated, details made into drama.

Lavin found the Bernini bust of Antonio Coppola, a benefactor of the hospital, through hints in a 19th century inventory, confirmed by minutes of a 1612 meeting at which a blank check was given to Confraternita's treasurer to

pay Bernini. Its twin, of Benefactor Antonio Coppearelli, was done a decade later. Drill holes in the eyes heighten their lifelike aspect, and the craggy hand of Coppola that emerges from the cloak, as if from no possible shoulder, adds to the theatrical immediacy of the long lost work. Lavin believes that the Coppola bust was done by Bernini at age 13. Highly improbable? Yes, except for the dating, and the fact that the prodigy went on to rebuild Rome.

PAINTING

Unique Affair

Pascien's preoccupation was women. At the age of 16, he was already using girls from a Bucharest bordello as models. This in itself was nothing new: Toulouse-Lautrec had endlessly sketched prostitutes, and Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger* represents a famous brothel. But for Pascien, prostitutes became both his main subject and a way of life, and in many ways he found his brush with life more important than his brush with the canvas.

Innocence & Enticement. Born in Bulgaria in 1885 as Julius Mordecai Pincas, the eighth of eleven children of a Spanish Sephardi and his Serbian-Italian wife, he was totally unconcerned with nationality. He Frenchified his name to Pascien, but he was equally at home in Paris, Munich and New York, where he eventually became a U.S. citizen in 1920. Nor did his riotous ways change with his location: anywhere he went, he liked to sponge up wine, Pernod and brandy, painted with 30 or 40 friends carousing about him in his studio. And mostly his subjects and companions were the girls of easily available virtue.

But it his subject matter never changed, his attitudes toward it did, as can be seen in his first major museum retrospective, now at the University of California at Los Angeles. For the German satirical magazine *Simplicissimus*, he drew scathing, unsympathetic cartoons of prostitutes. Slowly, his vision of women softened to match their con-

tours. As his nudes grew ever more evanescent in powdery pastels, they also waxed ever more erotic. "His palette is like a strip of fog," said another artist. In time, Pascien perfected the art of *sfumato*, the soft, smoky blending of tones from light into dark practiced by Da Vinci.

Pascien perfumed his canvases with a gently colored atmosphere. Trying to strike a sort of balance between innocence and enticement, Pascien veiled his women, like Salomes six times removed, in scanty teddies that turned to smoke under his brush.

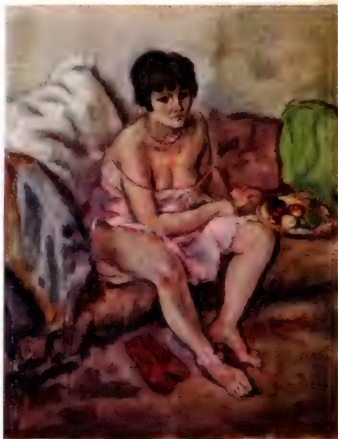
A Determined Hanging. Much of Pascien's life was a Sisyphean search for satiation. He decorated his endless parties with nude girls, recalls one writer, "as one might place flowers in a vase." Under his perennial black derby, he was sensuously ugly, with heavy features that had the thick texture of Dromedary dates. As he began to age, his art more and more portrayed the image of an old man teased by willing sprites. Only fetishes could further inflame his nudes; lesbian poses and green stockings added a salacious veneer to his final fleshy visions.

At the end, he told his mistress, Lucy Kroh, who still runs a gallery on Paris' Right Bank, that he could no longer cross a street without her. The passage of time frightened him so much, she recalled last week, that he once threw a grandfather's clock out of the window. But time caught up with him. In 1930, at the age of 45, Pascien slashed his wrists, wrote "Lucy, Forgive me" on the wall with his own blood, and finding death too slow in coming determinedly hanged himself from his studio door.

Odyssey in Oils

In turbulent post-World War I Germany, two German soldiers sliced three paintings from their frames in the Grand Ducal Museum of Weimar. Last week the paintings were up on walls again, this time in Washington's National Gallery. On view were a Rembrandt 1643 self-portrait (worth upwards of

PASCIN'S
"GIRL WITH BOWL OF FRUIT" (1928)



THE ARMANDY FAMILY COLLECTION



"LITTLE GIRL WITH A BOUQUET" (1925-28)

"RECLINING NUDES" (1925)



WTS. PAUL NATHANSON

PHOTO: DAVIDSON WAGGONER

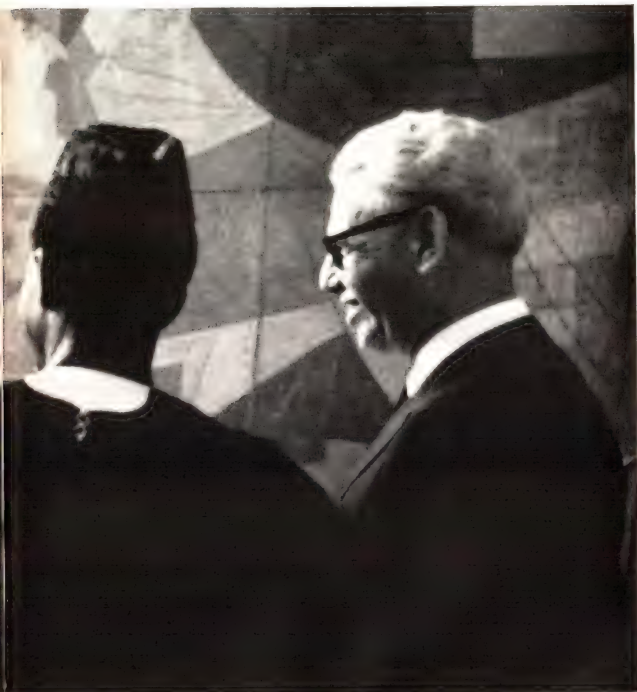


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A trip to United Nations Headquarters can be educational and inspirational. What's more, it's fun.

A visit to the 18 acres of international territory at New York's East 45th Street will raise your spirits.

There are things to see: from the 39-story glass and marble slab that houses the Secretariat to the historic meeting halls; from a Chagall stained-glass mural to the paintings, weavings, mosaics, sculpture — beautiful, expressive gifts from dozens of governments. There's even a Russian Sputnik.



There are things to hear: from the melodious English of a Korean tour guide (there are guides from 36 countries) to a delegate's speech in his native tongue, simultaneously translated into Chinese, English, French, Russian and Spanish.

But best of all are the things you *feel*. In the buzzing of 3400 Secretariat employees and 2000 representatives of 117 countries, hope is palpable. You realize that if nations

are already cooperating, they can continue to cooperate; that if the UN hasn't solved all the world's problems in 20 years, at least it's begun. (Consider the 117 countries: 40 of them gained their independence within the past 10 years, with the help of the UN.)

The miracle on 45th Street is that the United Nations is *there*, working hard, day by day, for peace on earth. It sounds corny, but it's true.

We're not sure the young visitor at the left knows it, but talking to the Japanese Attaché and the Mali Representative in United States Ambassador to the UN, Arthur Goldberg.

21,000 visitors come to the UN every week. Tours start every 10 minutes from 9:15 am to 4:45 pm, 7 days a week, cost \$1.25 for adults, 50¢ for children and students, last one hour, and will fill many letters home.

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DISPLACED GERMAN MASTERPIECES (REMBRANDT IN CENTER) AT NATIONAL GALLERY
Just some junk a plumber got gypped on.

\$750,000), a Gidard ter Borch, one of Rembrandt's contemporaries, and a work by the 18th century German, Johann Heinrich Wilhelm Tischbein. Their strange odyssey bespeaks at both the awe and the ignorance that surround great art works. It also suggests that masterpieces, like people, can be D.P.s.

A dozen years after the 1922 theft, a German-born plumber named Leo Ernst, now 59, on a visit from Dayton, Ohio, to New York, went aboard a German steamship—he believes it was the *Hamburg*. One of the sailors told Ernst that he had some art works to sell, claimed they would be confiscated on his return to Germany, and asked \$10,000 for them. Ernst offered far less, but left with the oils rolled up under his arm.

In 1937 Ernst married an American girl who had attended the Davton Art Institute. When she happened on the oils stuffed in a trunk, her husband assured her: "They're nothing—just some junk I got gypped on." Unable to dismiss them from her mind, Mrs. Ernst spent seven years trying to identify them in art books and libraries. Finally, in 1945, she convinced her husband that they should take the paintings to New York. Art dealers there declared the badly cracked canvases to be worthless fakes or copies. But by searching in the New York Public Library, the Ernsts found the clue they needed, a newspaper account of the 1922 theft. The facts jibed. And there was a reward offered by the German authorities.

Hoping he could still collect, Ernst took the paintings to the Davton Art Institute, where the director, Siegfried Weng, asked for advice from the FBI and New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. The paintings were declared genuine, but technically they were enemy property, and the U.S. promptly impounded them. In fact, they were nearly sold at auction until the State Department intervened, pointing out that as the property of a public museum, they belonged to the German people. The works were then deposited in the National Gallery—in ground floor vaults.

To return the paintings to Germany

required a special act of Congress last September, but no proviso was made for Ernst, who now hopes to recoup something eventually from the Bonn government. But even when the paintings leave the National Gallery next month, they will still not be safely home. Weimar lies in East Germany, so Congress has handed Bonn the responsibility of ultimately returning them to the museum from which, almost half a century ago, they were taken.

The Newest Gothic

West Germany's Horst Janssen is an unkempt, 200-lb. colossus who, when not actually at his drawing board, sprawls on his unmade bed, clad in boots and blue jeans, redolent of cheap schnapps, cursing the world and especially its art critics. Yet for all his fulminations, both fame and money seem to be irresistibly coming Janssen's way.

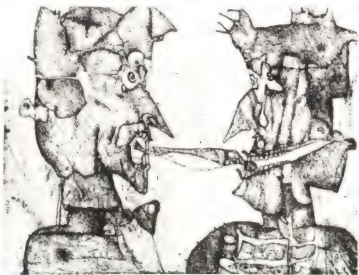
At Munich's Wolfgang Ketterer Galerie, two spacious floors have been jammed for the past six weeks with crowds of visitors who nearly block the view of Janssen's 234 watercolors.

woodcuts, lithographs, etchings and drawings. Gallery habitués come to admire the skill of Janssen's work, staid burghers come to tut at his subjects, teen-agers to titter over them, students to analyze their social significance, and connoisseurs to buy.

Janssen's savage and savagely portrayed world is in many ways familiar. The lineal ancestry of brutish whores and demonic cripples, bloated dwarfs and twisted drunkards, perverted bourgeois and browbeaten soldiers can clearly be traced back to Dürer and then down through George Grosz. In his wispy cloudlike sketches and pastels lurks the orchidaceous venom of Odilon Redon. In his zinc-plated etchings there are shades of Max Beckmann. One, entitled *Klee and Ensor Fighting over a Smoked Herring*, acknowledges the artist's debt to both.

Yet for all the echoes, West German critics are unanimously agreed that Janssen, 37, has a substance of his own. "He distills from tradition," said *Süddeutsche Zeitung*. He also distills from experience. The illegitimate son of a seamstress, Janssen spent his adolescence in an SS training academy, became an alcoholic by the age of 22, ran a liquor parlor hard by Hamburg's reeking Reeperbahn, served seven months in jail in 1951-52 for stabbing his fiancée in the abdomen in a fit of jealous rage.

Since those days, Janssen has reformed somewhat: he now concentrates on portraying Gothic horror instead of experiencing it. He lives in a crumbling Hamburg apartment house with his handsome blonde third wife, Verena, the wealthy granddaughter of one of Kaiser Wilhelm's last Chancellors, Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, and their five-year-old son. Others may find his pictures macabre, but he maintains: "For me, whatever I do is not ugly, not horrible, not repulsive. I couldn't draw what I don't love."



JANSSEN'S "KLEE AND ENSOR FIGHTING OVER A SMOKED HERRING"
Portraying horror instead of experiencing it.

EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Battle over a Budget

California residents have long taken pride in the quality and quantity of their state's higher education and in their willingness to spend vast sums of public money to keep it as good as it is. But when Ronald Reagan became California's Governor this month, he came face to face with two striking facts: a budget deficit that could reach \$400 million in the next fiscal year, and an expensive complex of colleges and universities that consumes about \$400 million a year and

RICHARD GILBERT



REAGAN AT BUDGET MEETING

Two plus two, then subtract by 20%.

yet does not charge students a single penny of tuition.¹ Putting two and two together, Reagan last week proposed to take a healthy whack at the funds doled out to higher education and to break a century-old tradition by charging students at the nine-campus university a tuition of \$400 per year.

Reagan's budget proposals, as outlined by Finance Director Gordon P. Smith at a special meeting of the regents in Los Angeles last week, call for a cut in the state's contribution to the university from this year's \$240 million to \$192 million—a 20% slash and nearly a third less than what University President Clark Kerr and the regents had sought. To make up the difference, Smith proposed to take \$22 million from a special regents' reserve fund and save \$5,000,000 more by delaying Berkeley's scheduled shift to a quarter system this summer. Smith argued that the proposed tuition charge would bring in an additional \$30 million, \$10 million of which

could be used to provide scholarships for needy students.

How to Share It? Reagan argued that tuition made educational as well as financial sense. At a press conference, he hinted that students might appreciate their schooling more if they had to pay for at least part of it. "There's nothing wrong with young people beginning to have a responsibility to the cost of their education," he said. Moreover, he argued, "there is no such thing as free education. There is costly education, and the question is how you share the cost and who pays for the cost."

The proposals touched off a statewide uproar. At the regents' meeting, President Kerr bluntly answered that the cuts would mean the denial of admission next year to 10,000 new students and 12,500 present ones. Kerr also contended that tuition would only send more students into the 72 community-supported junior colleges, which, in turn, would force local governments to raise property taxes—taxes that Reagan assailed in his campaign as too high already. U.C.L.A.'s Chancellor Franklin Murphy said he would have to shut down evening extension courses, cut back student health services, delay expansion of medical school enrollment. Noting that faculty recruiting has already been hurt by rumors of retrenchment, he exclaimed: "I do not intend to preside at the liquidation or substantial erosion of the quality which 50 years of extraordinary effort have created in building a great university in Los Angeles."

False Economy. Los Angeles Regent Edward Carter argued against using the regents' fund "just to balance the state budget one year," pointed out that it had financed such pioneering projects as Physicist Ernest Lawrence's cyclotron studies. Financier Norton Simon, calling on his own business experience, warned against any budgeting that reduces the quality of the product. "I wouldn't tear down the very root of what's been built," he declared. "This is the falsest kind of economy."

The new budget had the unexpected side effect of unifying—at least for the moment—the university's often divided students, administrators and regents. Students attending the regents' meeting warmly applauded Kerr and gave a standing ovation to Simon, who conceded that the cheers were "a new experience" for him as a regent. More than 1,000 undergraduates at relatively staid U.C.L.A. held the largest protest rally of the year and, predicted one senior, "kids here who haven't been activists are going to be."

Hung in Effigy. There was an equal ferment at the 18 state colleges, whose \$176 million budget Reagan proposes to cut by \$6,000,000 (the colleges are seeking a \$37 million increase) in addition to imposing a tuition of about \$200. Reagan was hung in effigy at

Fresno State, and the college's Chancellor Glenn S. Dunke announced unhappily that he was forced to suspend the admission of all new students until the financial picture was clarified. Kerr then ordered a similar hold on all university admissions.

Quite clearly, Governor Reagan had pinched one of California's most sensitive civic nerves. Despite the protests, the Governor is not disposed to back down, and a meeting at week's end with Kerr and some of the regents produced nothing but amicable disagreement. Nonetheless, Reagan's budget faces a careful going-over by Democratic state legislators, who narrowly control both houses, and who have indicated that they intend to fight any major cutbacks in higher education.

Into the Mainstream

In 1841, New York City's Fordham University set up shop as a small Roman Catholic college called St. John's, on Rose Hill in The Bronx. A few years later, New York State gave the school twelve muskets for protection against threatened attacks by anti-Catholic Know-Nothings. The antique weaponry was a good symbol of the old Fordham—primarily a school for the children of Irish and Italian immigrants, as much concerned with preserving their faith against the forces of secularism as with promoting academic excellence.

All that has changed. Now the nation's fourth largest Roman Catholic university, Jesuit-run Fordham has a healthy sprinkling of non-Catholics among its 6,997 full-time students. Strong in English, French, philosophy and the classics, Fordham now trails only Notre Dame in overall quality among Catholic schools, and is rapidly trying to catch up. Faculty salaries have been upgraded—the average pay of full professors, \$13,543 in 1965, will reach \$22,500 in three years—and the school is on the hunt for academic stars with the stature of Communications Pundit Marshall McLuhan, who will join the staff next semester. Such is the pace of change at Fordham, quips its theology department chairman, Father Christopher Mooney, that "if you stay home with a cold one day, you find that some great experiment has been tried but you missed it."

People with Purpose. Fordham is now building an entirely new coeducational liberal-arts college on a \$25 million campus near the cultural glamour of Manhattan's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. Its dean, the Rev. Arthur Clarke, expects to accept 3,000 "mature, bright students—people with a purpose" to enjoy an "urban, strongly humanistic" curriculum. The Lincoln Center campus already includes Fordham's School of Law, which handled mainly night students in rented downtown quarters for

¹ In fact, Connecticut and Idaho are the only other states with tuition-free universities. Typical university tuitions: \$348 at Michigan, \$345 at Washington, \$500 at Vermont. Although tuitionless until now, California does charge "incidental" fees of up to \$240.

² After Marquette (8,411 students), St. John's in New York (8,394), Chicago's Loyola (7,567).

60 years, and will add the School of Education, still housed in what Executive Vice President Rev. Timothy Healy calls "a dump—but a dump on fire with enthusiasm." The enthusiasm is generated by Dean Harry Rivlin, lured away from the City University of New York, who is shunning undergraduate "teaching methods" courses for future teachers in the city's slum schools, is sending them into those schools as freshmen to learn under fire instead.

Many of the university's new leaders were picked from other city schools by former Hunter College President John J. Meng, who is now a vice president in charge of the Lincoln Center campus. In September, Fordham is opening another of its innovations: a separate experimental college in which about 30 students a year will live and study for three years with a dozen faculty members and devise their own curriculum. Father Healy calls the school—named after Cambridge Scholar Elizabeth Soule, who is joining its English faculty—an "anti-college," in which "nothing we have done in the past will be beyond questioning."

Other new ideas at Fordham include a "3-3" program to put eighth-grade youngsters into the university's prep school, run them through a B.A. in just six years instead of the normal nine. A new Communication Arts Center hopes to acquire Huntington Hartford's \$7,400,000 Gallery of Modern Art on Manhattan's Columbus Circle at the price of assuming Hartford's \$3,800,000 mortgage. Fordham recently opened a four-year college for women, the first such coordinate college at an American Catholic university.

Competing with Yale. Fordham's new spirit shows up in its openly ecumenical, post-conciliar attitude toward religion in

education. This month the university appointed a Lutheran Church historian, the Rev. Robert I. Wilken, as a permanent member of its theology department—the first Protestant clergyman to hold such a full-time post at a Catholic university. The school also employs Rabbi Irwin M. Blank of Temple Sinai in Tenafly, N.J., as a visiting lecturer. Last fall Fordham began to share libraries and lecturers with the interdenominational Union Theological Seminary; currently it is competing with Yale on a proposed affiliation with the Jesuits' Woodstock College in Maryland.

The university's era of innovation began under the Rev. Vincent I. O'Keefe, who left the presidency in 1965 to serve as a Jesuit executive in Rome, and is being enthusiastically carried on by his successor, Father Leo McLaughlin, 54. A onetime dean of Fordham College who has a doctorate of letters from the University of Paris, Jesuit McLaughlin wants Fordham to achieve "true greatness in action," even by Ivy League standards. While Fordham will always retain "the distinctive attributes of a Catholic university," he is confident that it can "move into the mainstream" of U.S. education, to compete for, and serve, the nation's best students and scholars.

New Pilot for Pitt

During the ten-year tenure of former Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield, the University of Pittsburgh gained stature and generated excitement before tail-spinning into insolvency (*TIME*, July 2, 1965). Last week Pitt pinned its hopes for regaining level flight on one of the sharpest intellects in the U.S. Air Force. The university's trustees named Colonel Wesley W. Posvar, 41, founding chairman of the Air Force Academy's po-



COLONEL POSVAR

Off into the fresh air yonder.

litical science department, as new chancellor, effective June 1.

A witty, independent-minded officer with an acerbic outlook on the worst of the military's staff-stuffy ways, Posvar was born in Topeka, and raised in Cleveland, where he topped his high school class. At West Point, he racked up the best academic record since Douglas MacArthur's cadet days, became the first Air Force officer to earn a Rhodes scholarship. He holds a B.A. and M.A. in philosophy, politics and economics from Oxford and has a doctorate from Harvard in political science.

A command pilot qualified to fly 27 types of aircraft, Posvar flew four-engine C-54 transports in the Berlin airlift before taking up his teaching duties at Colorado Springs in 1957. Then 32, he was the youngest full professor ever to serve at one of the nation's service academies. Insisting that "anything can stand the fresh air of discussion" in a military classroom, Posvar encouraged original thinking by cadets. He became head of the academy's social sciences division in 1960.

One of Posvar's Air Force specialties was the methodology of decision making, a faculty that will be sharply tested at Pitt. The school's financial troubles were blamed largely on poor budget control, an overemphasis on costly graduate studies, and the failure of a trimester system to attract summer students. Turning to Pennsylvania taxpayers for help, Pitt gained a \$5,000,000 emergency appropriation in 1965, then became a "state-related" school last fall. As a result of this change in status, state support was hiked from \$6,000,000 to \$20 million; but Pitt also had to drop its tuition for Pennsylvania students from \$1,400 to \$450 a year at a loss of \$10 million. Pitt announced last week that it is going to give its trimester one more try, will abandon it if enrollment does not rise this spring.



SITE OF FORDHAM'S LINCOLN CENTER CAMPUS (LOOKING NORTH WITH NEW MET BEHIND)
To achieve true greatness in action.

RELIGION

GEORGE S. KELLEY



POUNDERS (CENTER, HOLDING SON) & STAMFORD PARISHIONERS
Mission for a community.

PROTESTANTS

Exodus for Christ

The 2,500,000 members of the Churches of Christ, who live mostly in the South and Southwest, have embarked on a new kind of aggressive evangelism. In order to carry the Gospel to one corner of the U.S. where they have few adherents, the churches are sending entire communities of believers to the urban Northeast instead of relying on individual missionaries to do the task.

The first exodus took place in 1963, when Dwain Evans, a Churches of Christ preacher, led a trek of 85 families, most of them from Texas, to West Islip, Long Island. So successful was this experiment—the West Islip congregation now has its own \$300,000 church and has won 100 converts—that other ministers set up similar communities in Somerville, N.J., and Stamford, Conn. This year, the Churches of Christ plan to organize new congregations in Rochester, N.Y., Burlington, Mass., and Toronto, Canada. By 1968, they hope to ship a ready-made congregation to São Paulo in Brazil.

Life Adjustment. Every move is carefully planned. Ministers in charge of the operation inquire for volunteers through existing congregations in the South. Those who indicate a willingness to go are screened to make sure they will be able to adjust to the new community. At the same time, church representatives canvass likely Northern communities to check on the availability of jobs and housing and the outlook for proselytizing. Stamford, for example, was chosen because it had a good labor market for professional and white-collar workers.

After the decision was made, James Pounders of Tuscaloosa, Ala., the exodus organizer, flew to Stamford with 56

members of his new congregation for job interviews. According to one employment agency, some firms seemed worried that the Churches of Christ members "would try to convert everybody in the shop." Nonetheless, by the time the move took place last August, three-fourths of the missionaries had jobs waiting for them.

Inspirational Message. In all, 53 families, most of them from Tennessee, Texas and Alabama, have now settled in Stamford. While saving up to build their own house of worship, members of the Stamford Church of Christ gather for Sunday services at a public school. They have also been working hard to spread their fundamentalist interpretation of the Gospel. They have placed ads in the local paper announcing their services. A "dial-a-devotion" telephone number (322-9559), sponsored by the church, provides callers with a daily inspirational message on tape. Congregation members have rung 4,000 local doorbells, distributing literature and inviting people to their Bible-study classes.

A few families have found it hard to adapt to the faster pace and higher rents in Stamford; some of their neighbors have been amused and confused by their slow Southern draws. On the grounds that Stamford seems to have quite enough churches as it is, clergymen of other faiths question the need for the mission, but laymen are more open-minded. So far, there have been only two formal conversions, but Pounders happily reports that several others are "on the verge." What attracts converts is the activist zeal of the transplanted missionaries. Says High School Teacher Janet Saine, who joined the Church of Christ in Somerville, N.J.: "I was looking for a church and this one seemed to be the only one that was doing anything. There is a corporate life here; it's not just a Sunday church."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Another Nun Defects

Sister Jacqueline Grennan, 40, president of Missouri's Webster College, has a nationwide reputation as a nunly innovator. She is the only woman member of the President's educational advisory council, and under her direction Webster has done pioneering research in the development of school curricula. Last week Sister Jacqueline joined the growing number of U.S. nuns (TIME, Jan. 13) who have abandoned the convent. With the approval of St. Louis' Joseph Cardinal Ritter, she is leaving the Sisters of Loretto after 18 years. At their request, however, she will remain president of Webster—which, if Rome permits, will become a secular college owned by a lay board of trustees.

Ex-Sister Jacqueline has been considering defection since 1965, when she was invited to take charge of St. Louis' war on poverty. The program involved the distribution of birth control information, and its officials had to ask Sister Jacqueline if she was free to decide on matters involving contraception. "That question stuck with me," she said. "Under the vow of obedience, I had given someone else the authority to limit or veto my decisions. I came to realize that I could not live as a responsible and productive human being for the rest of my life under the vow."

More startling than Jacqueline Grennan's decision to become a laywoman is her proposal to laicize Webster. Legally, the college is owned by a Missouri corporation, whose board of trustees is the general council of the Loretto Sisters. Pending approval from the Vatican's Congregation of Religious, the Sisters have agreed to turn over the control of Webster to a board of laymen. "It is my personal conviction," said ex-Sister Jacqueline, "that the very nature of higher education is opposed to juridical control by the church."

GEORGE HARRIS



JACQUELINE GRENNAN

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SPORT

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Tiger in the Ivy

There are old grads who complain that nothing has been the same around Princeton since they started putting up those shiny glass buildings that ivy doesn't grow on. They were desolated when blue jeans became acceptable attire at Old Nassau's eating clubs, and they were appalled two weeks ago when state cops broke up a ring of marijuana-smoking undergraduates. But not everything at Princeton has gone to pot. Last week Princeton's basketball team caged Harvard 90-46 for its twelfth victory in 13 games—and became the first Ivy League squad in 16 years to be ranked among the nation's top ten.

It was high time that somebody spotted the tiger in the Ivy. Two weeks ago, Princeton's Tigers pulled off the coup of the season against previously undefeated, No. 3-ranked North Carolina. Bad weather forced cancellation of their flight south; so the Tigers rode a railroad coach for 10½ hours, arrived in Chapel Hill at 7:30 a.m. on the day of the game. They sank 65.5% of their shots to win 91-81. Coupled with last week's victory over Harvard, that was enough to earn Princeton No. 7 position in the Associated Press rankings. No. 9 in the United Press International poll.

Tall & Talkative. All that recognition was almost too much for Princeton's Willem H. van Breda Kolf, 44, although he is the third winningest coach in college basketball. "Butch" van Breda Kolf quit Princeton in 1947 after three years to play pro ball with the New York Knickerbockers, gave that up after three seasons to become a coach—at

Lafayette, Hofstra, and then Princeton. In 16 seasons, his teams have won 294 games v. 106 losses—a record topped only by Kentucky's Adolph Rupp and U.C.I.A.'s John Wooden. Van Breda Kolf insists that Princeton is "just a smalltime outfit trying to get along"—thereby provoking exasperated snorts from opposing coaches who are forever losing top prospects to him.

Bill Bradley, for instance, had already enrolled at Duke before he decided to go to Princeton—because he wanted to become a Rhodes scholar and figured his chances were better in the Ivy League. Center Chris Thomforde, a 6-ft. 9-in. sophomore who is the team's top scorer with an average of 15.9 points per game, fielded offers from several dozen colleges when he graduated from Long Island Lutheran High School in Brookville, N.Y.

What More? Van Breda Kolf insists that recruiting is easy at Princeton, which like all Ivy League schools does not give athletic scholarships. "I meet them, then let them stay with the boys in the dorms," says Butch. "It works. Good school, good ball, good kids, what the hell more could they want?"

Butch's casualness ends at the gym door. A fundamentalist who scoffs at patterned offenses ("I'd rather just play basketball") and zone defenses ("In a man-to-man defense, you know exactly who makes a mistake"), he is, according to one Tiger player, "the best coach in basketball—from Monday through Friday." But when game time rolls around, he turns into a Tiger—screaming at his players, snarling at referees. A loss sends him into a paroxysm of frustration; even a victory leaves him wan and wet with perspiration. Not until the season is over and the pressure is off does Butch become a good guy again. Then he's off to sing a chorus of the *Cannon Song* and hoist a glass with "my guys."

SKIING

Bunny from B.C.

Canada's Nancy Greene, 23, weighs only 125 lbs., and she can do 40 deep knee bends with a 170-lb. barbell across her shoulders. That ought to be enough to make her an intercollegiate weightlifting champ. But Nancy uses her muscles on skis, and she does it better than any other woman in the world, as the French discovered to their distress last week.

The 1967 season was supposed to be *à la France*. At last year's world championships in Portillo, Chile, French women won eight out of twelve medals; and just this month, Coach Honoré Bonnet told reporters that the only question was which of his two best girls—Marielle Gotschel or Annie Famose—would win this year's World Cup. That was before Nancy Greene



NANCY GREENE

GREENE WINNING AT GRINDELWALD
The slam began with barbells.

spotted Annie almost a full second in the first run of the special slalom at Oberstaufen, Germany, two weeks ago, only to beat her by 2 sec. on the second trip down the course—and go on to complete a grand slam by winning the giant slalom next day. It was also before she beat Annie and Marielle in the giant slalom at Grindelwald in Switzerland last week, then flashed to a 1½-sec. victory in the Grindelwald downhill, on a tough, 2,400-yd. course.

By week's end Nancy, a freshman at Notre Dame University of Nelson, B.C., had won four out of the five major European races so far this season. In competition for the World Cup, she had 100 points compared with 60 for Annie and 40 for Marielle Gotschel.

Into the Wall. Daughter of a mechanical engineer who put her on skis at the age of three, Nancy competed in the 1960 Olympics when she was 16, finished an unimpressive 22nd in the downhill. By 1964 at Innsbruck, she was up to 7th in the downhill. At Portillo last year, she was rated a cinch for a gold medal, after beating everybody in practice. Then, in the downhill, she slammed into a snow-packed retaining wall at 60 m.p.h., badly bruising her right arm. "She couldn't even lift her arm," recalls her coach, Verne Anderson. "but we couldn't keep her out of the giant slalom, so the doctor shot her full of Novocain, and I taped her ski pole to her glove." Nancy finished fourth, only 2.7 sec. behind winner Marielle Gotschel.

Now Nancy feels fine, although she has to take cortisone shots for the pain in her still-damaged elbow, and she plans to remain in Europe for one more meet before heading home. "That's enough," she says—and the French would call that *noblesse oblige*.



PRINCETON'S VAN BREDA KOLF
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we'd call it
"Kentucky Sovereign."
Or something.



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THE THEATER

Integrity Fever

The Wild Duck. Henrik Ibsen asked men and women to be honest with themselves. He saw most human beings as hypocrites of the heart, defilers of the mind, and desecrators of the spirit. In his plays he waged an inexorable assault on the timid frauds, the sick souls, and audaciously exposed social dry rot. Integrity was his dramatic Excalibur. The profound irony of *The Wild Duck* is that it unflinchingly examines the human havoc that can result from so ruthless a devotion to honesty.

Gregers Werle (Clayton Corzattie) is a man with a raging case of "integrity

ROBERT ALAN BOLD



HARMON, MOFFAT & MILLER IN "DUCK"
Honesty breeds havoc.

fever" who prates high-mindedly of "the claim of the ideal." His pinched nostrils seem to sniff moral pollution in the air. He abominates his widowed father, a pompous timber merchant, accusing him of real and fancied slights to his dead mother. Taking lodgings in the modest household of a former classmate, Hjalmar Ekdal (Donald Moffat), Gregers uncovers more extensive proof of his father's evil ways. Not only did he bring lifelong disgrace to Hjalmar's father through a crooked timber deal, but he also seduced Hjalmar's wife (Betty Miller), a former housekeeper in the Werle household. Gregers' father sired the little daughter that Hjalmar dotes on as his own. As an act of expiation, the elder Werle all but supports the Ekdal household.

Hjalmar and his wife have built a happy house of illusions. In a constant alcoholic trance, Hjalmar's father stocks the attic with birds and rabbits, at which he takes an occasional potshot when he is in a hunting mood. Hjalmar himself is a dilettantish portrait photographer whose wife manages the business while he nurses the mirage that he is on the

threshold of a world-shaking scientific discovery. The little girl (Jennifer Harmon) is content merely to love her supposed father and her pet wild duck.

To Gregers, this happiness is corrupt. These people must purge themselves of illusions, face bruising realities. He bluntly tells them the truth of things, and in one way or another kills the family he hoped to cure. A cynically humane doctor tells him of another cure: "I try to discover the basic lie, the pet illusion, that makes life possible, and then I foster it."

Any duel between appearance and reality is so close to the main artery of drama's heart that it is intrinsically exciting. Nonetheless, the APA production of *The Wild Duck* is cozy when it should be caustic, chucklesome when it should roar with outraged laughter, genteelly aggrieved when it ought to be spurring pain. The APA troupe does its customarily accomplished job of acting and touches off sporadic match flares of understanding throughout the play, but Ibsen had a crueler intention: to drag everything and everyone screaming into unrelenting light.

Crime à la Mod

The Astrakhan Coat by Pauline Macaulay. No Broadway season would be complete without someone suggesting that what the theater really needs is a good new mystery thriller. Perhaps it does, but *The Astrakhan Coat* is not very good, only superficially new, and never particularly thrilling. Even avid whodunit fans must be a trifle bored by corpses in trunks, corpses that drop out of closets, and the confetti-like strewing of misleading clues. *Coat* also contains the customary complement of victims whose impenetrable innocence prevents them from knowing when or how to withdraw from transparently treacherous situations.

Coat hangs on a double frame-up. A dumb penguin of a waiter (Roddy McDowall), who wants to cloak the cipher of his existence with something or other, answers an advertisement for an astrakhan coat. The man selling the coat is a criminal dandy (Brian Bedford) of homosexual bent who tyrannizes over his two colleagues, a bizarre, dress-alike brother and sister known as The Heavenly Twins. Diabolic purists who love crime for crime's sake, the three want a fall guy to take the rap on a diamond heist. When the circumstantial evidence is finally planted on the waiter, he bursts into hysterical laughter and ardently proclaims his guilt, as if escaping years of nonentity in a moment of wicked splendor.

In unfolding her perfect crime, British Playwright Macaulay tries hard to be à la Mod. Her actors, uniformly able, have been directed to play it cool and campy, while tossing off supposedly chic little references to existentialism. They perform with the cheery abandon of those who see a closing notice looming in the immediate future.

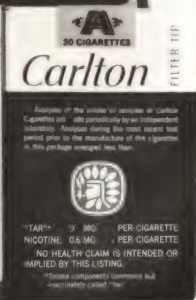
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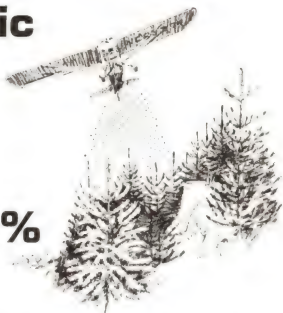


The light one



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Georgia-Pacific showered trees with nitrogen and speeded growth by 30%



As the crop duster topped the ridge into Washington state's Nooksack Valley, the pilot could see the target ahead . . . a 10-year-old stand of fir. The trees were growing from natural seed after harvesting in the area. Throttling down, he pushed the stick forward and started his run. He reached for the lever, flicked it, and a half-million nitrogen "bombs" fell like snow over the trees. Bulls-eye!

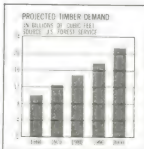
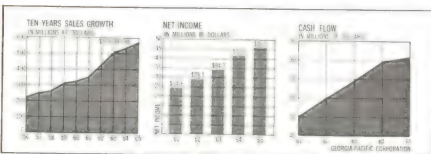
Growth Increased 30%

Now, seven years later, the effects of the aerial shower can be seen. The nitrogen-fertilized trees on the experimental plot have grown 30% faster than unfertilized trees nearby. At this rate, we may shave 20 years off the normal 60-year harvest growth time for Douglas fir.

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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Reaction: Up & Mixed

President Johnson's State of the Union message set off reactions in the economic community that were dramatic and positive in some cases, cold and doubtful in others. The stock market's response was hectic: trading records were broken, and an existing upward trend was solidly extended and reinforced. Businessmen and bankers had mixed feelings about tax surcharges, some criticism for the President's explanation of tight-money problems, and broad concern that the Government is still spending too much domestically in the face of increased costs of the Viet Nam war.

On Wall Street the morning after the speech, more than 4,000,000 shares changed hands in the first hour of trading—an all-time record. Hardly had the exchange opened when the Dow-Jones industrial average was off by nearly twelve points. But then, in a dramatic turnaround, the tape fell behind—at one point it lagged by 16 minutes—the average moved up slowly, then burst to a close with a gain of 8.35. With 13,230,000 shares bought and sold, the day was the third busiest in Big Board history.²

Thursday was almost as frantic; 12,830,000 shares were exchanged, the day-old hourly trading record was smashed by 90,000 shares. The day's advance was 7.46 points, followed on Friday by a 5.18 gain. This brought the week's total increase to 26.39 points on a staggering volume of 53,391,425 shares. Thus the industrial index stood at 835.13, representing a rise of 49.44 points—or \$29 billion in Big Board values—so far in 1967.

The bond market reacted just as ebulliently. In one of the strongest bond-buying days of the past decade, large new issues such as American Telephone & Telegraph's \$250 million of debentures and Bethlehem Steel's \$150 million were snapped up, and then immediately rose in price.

The stock and bond surges hardly signaled an expression of unalloyed enthusiasm about the State of the Union. Rather they seemed to indicate general relief at an end to the long period of uncertainty about the Administration's economic intentions. Yet, while the suspense has ended, suspicion lingers on. Among the reactions to specific Johnson recommendations:

• **TAX SURCHARGES.** While most businessmen considered the amount bearable, many criticized the President's timing. A typical reaction came from

Cris Dobbins, president of Colorado's Ideal Cement Co. and chairman of the Denver branch of the Federal Reserve's Tenth District. "Had the President taken this tax action nine months ago," he said, "it would have been much better. Now it may hit us just at the time that the economy needs a stimulant." Few realized Johnson still is not wedded to a tax hike. Explained a White House economic adviser: "If things continue to slow down, a tax rise will not be necessary."

• **EASIER MONEY.** Many businessmen resented the President's sidewise about the Federal Reserve Board ("More money now seems to be available, and given the cooperation of the Federal Reserve System, which I so earnestly seek, I'm confident that this movement can continue"). Their reason: it was the Fed's tight-money policies that braked last year's inflation. Said the Bank of America's President Rudolph Peterson: "The implication that the private sector and the Federal Reserve Board were responsible for tight money and high interest rates was unfortunate. The fact is that Federal Government actions contributed substantially to both." Bowing to easier money, Minneapolis' little (assets: \$41.7 million) National City Bank lowered its prime interest rate from 6% to 5½%; Walter Heller, still one of Johnson's trusted economic advisers, is a director of the bank. Major banks seemed unlikely to follow the Minneapolis lead until the demand for credit diminishes. When will that happen? No one knows, but the Administration is confident that Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin will cooperate. Said a Government economist: "If Martin fails to respond he'll be signing his name in blood."

• **GOVERNMENT SPENDING.** William P. Lear, chairman of Lear Jet Corp., expressed widespread sentiment about the President's guns-and-butter spending

proposals, "Nobody much minds being taxed for the Viet Nam war," he said. "But let's pay for the war first, then go into these gigantic domestic programs." Added President Roger C. Damon of Boston's First National Bank: "Sooner or later the country must balance its outgo and its income. We've got to have margarine rather than butter."

AVIATION

Mr. Mac & Messrs. Douglas

Chairman James S. McDonnell, 67, of St. Louis' McDonnell Co., builds some of the world's best airplanes, and has become even better known by making NASA's Mercury and Gemini space capsules. He is also a shrewd and determined bargainer, and he has long had his eye on the Douglas Aircraft Co. He tried a takeover in 1963, only to be rebuffed by Donald Douglas Sr., now 74, an old friend who helped McDonnell get started 28 years ago with orders for DC-3 parts. Last year McDonnell began buying Douglas stock again, and last week he was flying as high as one of his F-4 Phantom jets. After a long board meeting, Douglas announced that it would merge with McDonnell through an exchange of stock: as a starter, McDonnell will buy \$69 million worth of Douglas stock that has been authorized but unissued up to now.

Fourth Largest. The new firm, to be run by McDonnell and to be called the McDonnell Douglas Corp., will be the fourth largest U.S. aircraft maker—after Boeing, North American Aviation and Lockheed. The merger will provide benefits for both partners. McDonnell, which has always built military aircraft, will be able to spread its product line, increase its earnings with such well-regarded commercial airplanes as the Douglas DC-8 and DC-9. And Douglas, with McDonnell's backing, should

TRADING ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11 AT 12:41 P.M.



² Busiest: Oct. 29, 1929, with 16,410,000 shares traded. Second busiest: May 29, 1962, when the market rallied during the '62 slump, with 14,746,000 shares traded and the Dow-Jones rising 27.03 points.



McDONNELL



F-4C PHANTOM



SUPER DC-8

Benefits for both partners.

now he able to get loans of about \$400 million that bankers were loath to make because of Douglas' shaky financial position. Badgered by delays in parts deliveries and shortages of skilled workers, Douglas in its last financial statement reported nine-month losses of \$17 million on sales of \$756 million. For 1966 overall, Douglas has probably be \$40 million in the red.

For all its financial problems and the fact that its assembly lines at its Long Beach, Calif., plant are inefficiently laid out, Douglas was not lacking in merger offers. After all, the backlog in orders for its big jets has now reached \$3.2 billion, part of it for the DC-8-62, which is the world's farthest-flying commercial jet, with a range of 5,750 miles. Thus, even as Douglas' money problems got worse, plenty of bidders beside McDonnell showed up. Among them were Signal Oil & Gas, Fairchild Hiller, General Dynamics and North American Aviation.

Why did McDonnell win? For one thing, he and his associates already held more than 800,000 shares of Douglas—and "Mr. Mac" threatened to keep buying more until he controlled the company. Another reason was that McDonnell, as a proud old airplane builder himself, was more than ready to agree to Donald Douglas Sr.'s request that the family name remain on any new company. Less definite is the future of Donald Douglas Jr., 49, whose presidency was blamed by many for the company's financial woes. Chances are that he will be given a high-sounding title and little if any policymaking responsibility. Mr. Mac will of course take care of management.

"My Teammates." A cool, tough engineer, Denver-born McDonnell calls his employees "my teammates," and he

makes them perform as a team. He came up through a brief career as a barnstorming pilot and, after that, as a project engineer at the Glenn L. Martin Co., then started his own plant at the St. Louis airport with \$165,000 in savings and money borrowed from, among others, Laurance Rockefeller. Gaining experience and financial strength as a subcontractor on such planes as the DC-3, McDonnell eventually designed and built his own, convinced the Navy that it could fly faster and perform better on two jet engines than on one. McDonnell, with his company now deeply committed to space projects, still takes an engineer's interest in design work. And the next DC passenger ship, whenever it comes, thus may hear enough of his mark to make it the McDonnell.

AUTOS

Something of a Victory

A rather large part of the fuss over auto safety has involved 1960-63 models of Chevrolet's Corvair, which have been the subject of some 150 lawsuits. Nearly all of them charged that the car's rear axle caused overslewing that resulted in accidents. So far, only four cases have reached verdicts. General Motors won three, while a jury decision against the company in the fourth was set aside. And in what could prove the pattern for disposition of the suits still pending, G.M. last week settled 47 cases out of court by paying out a total of \$340,000.

Considering that the suits asked damages amounting to \$25 million, the settlements represented something of a victory for G.M. Attorney David M. Harney, whose Los Angeles law firm represented the plaintiffs in all 47 cases, got involved in the anti-G.M. litigation

after his godson was killed while driving a Corvair in 1960. He soon won a reputation as the man to see about Corvair accidents. After having spent "countless days" on the suits, however, Harney came to realize that it was virtually impossible to connect specific accidents with general defects.

For its part, G.M. said it was happy to settle out of court—in some cases, the company admitted, because of "the possible emotional impact on the juries of the injuries of some plaintiffs." And no matter what happens in the 100-odd cases still pending, G.M. continues to have trouble with the car. Though its controversial rear axle has long since been redesigned, all the unfavorable publicity has helped send Corvair sales tumbling from a 1961 high of 317,000 to 86,000 last year.

Quick Wash

For ailing American Motors Corp., Model Year 1967 was bound to be a year of change—if not in the company's sad sales record, then in its Detroit executive suite. Having spent \$60 million on restyling, beleaguered President Roy Abernethy, 60, all but abandoned the head office for the hustings to drum up dealer interest in the new models. In Detroit, A.M.C. Chairman and No. 1 Stockholder Robert B. Evans, 60, settled back to watch the progress on his own pledge to "turn this company around."

Last week there was turning aplenty—though it was not exactly the kind Evans had in mind. After a long and contentious board of directors meeting in Detroit came the "early retirement" of Abernethy and the "resignation" of Evans. Into their places went new Chairman Roy Chapin Jr., 51, whom Evans had hand-picked as general manager last September, and new President William V. Luneburg, 56, a vice president who joined A.M.C. in 1963 as an Abernethy recruit.

Down the Middle. It was Evans who brought on the changes. A flamboyant Grosse Pointe investor-sportsman who late in 1965 began building a \$2,000,000 A.M.C. stock holding (now worth \$1,500,000), he has been at odds with Abernethy ever since he became board chairman last June. Onetime Auto Salesman Abernethy delighted in hooting that New Boy Evans knew nothing about the business. Evans, for his part, upstaged Abernethy at press conferences, privately complained that his suggestions were being ignored. Friction grew worse when A.M.C. wound up fiscal 1966 with a \$12,648,000 loss—its first since 1957. Finally, for all of Abernethy's cigar-chomping ebullience, sales of "Roy's Cars," as the new models are called at A.M.C., have been so disappointing as to force a ten-day shutdown of plants in Milwaukee and Kenosha, Wis.

Evans therefore entered last week's board meeting planning to stay on as chairman but urging that his friend and

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A.M.C.'s LUNEBURG, EVANS, CHAPIN & ABERNETHY
Impossible to be all things to all people.

Grosse Pointe neighbor Chapin be made president, with Luneburg as his No. 2 man. Both Evans and Abernethy argued their cases—while the other was out of the room. When it came to a vote, the twelve-man board was split down the middle. Trying for compromise, they told Evans that while Chapin and Luneburg could replace Abernethy, the company had little cash to spare for three top-level salaries. Evans got the hint, and bowed out with Abernethy.

Still A.M.C.'s biggest stockholder, Evans will keep his seat on the board and remain on the executive committee. "The company has cleansed itself out, so to speak," said Evans at a press conference next day, but "I will have my little cotton-pickin' hands in this pie for quite some time."

The corporate cleansing is intended to please A.M.C.'s creditors, including a group of 24 banks, headed by Chase Manhattan, which last year advanced a \$75 million line of credit in return for a mortgage on A.M.C. property. The credit line, which will be exhausted in May, must be renewed or replaced. The new team, moreover, brings to A.M.C. something it has never had at the top management level: solid financial experience.

The wealthy son of the founders of the Hudson Motor Car Co., which merged with Nash-Kelvinator Corp. to form A.M.C. in 1954, Chairman Chapin worked as a Hudson test driver after Yale ('37), eventually became A.M.C.'s treasurer under onetime President George Romney. Shunted into the limbo of A.M.C.'s international operations by Abernethy in 1961, Chapin turned semi-exile into considerable success. He revived a once unprofitable Canadian subsidiary, built A.M.C.'s European sales to 74,000 cars a year, even managed to get a dressed-up classic selling well in the Common Market.

A Sporty Specialty. Helping Chapin will be President Luneburg, a Ford alum, who had been chief of its cost-control and budget departments and later general manager of its Dearborn assembly plant. Abernethy recruited Harvard Business School Grad Luneburg and set him to establishing cost-accounting procedures, which had been nonexistent in the Romney-era rush to take the lead in compacts. At the cost of severe strikes, Luneburg also helped break the hold union leaders had gained on work practices and wage policies during the same period.

Looking ahead, Chapin plans to drop Abernethy's tactic of matching the Big Three nearly model for model. "We are not going to attempt to be all things to all people," he says. Instead, A.M.C. will put its diminished resources in a few distinctive, and hopefully lucrative, new cars. One possibility: a sporty new compact-size specialty car, which is now being developed to compete with the Ford Mustang and Chevrolet Camaro and could be introduced next fall. Until then, 1967 will have to be sweated out.

CORPORATIONS

"Only the Best"

Although it runs only sixth among the nation's television makers, New York's Magnavox Co. outdistances most of the field in spectacular sales growth. With the exception of 1963, it has broken its own records for the past eight years. Last week Magnavox President Frank Freimann announced that 1966 sales had jumped 36%, to \$453 million, earnings had soared more than 50%, to \$34.7 million, or \$2.25 a share. Moreover, the company clocked an estimated 30% return on invested capital, against 12% for U.S. industry as a whole.

Magnavox, which aims for the top of the color-TV market, sells sets that

range from a high of \$750 to a low of \$398.50. Cabinets come in a decorator's assortment of styles, including Mediterranean, French Provincial, Early American and Contemporary. The sets utilize a "background coating" technique that successfully mutes harsh primary colors.

The company also turns out black-and-white TV, FM-AM radios, stereo consoles, portable phonographs, and a TV-radio-phonograph combination called Color Stereo Theater. For industry, the firm produces computerized-data storage units, and the new Xerox-marketed Magnafax—a copying machine that transmits and receives facsimiles of documents, memos and letters via standard telephones. Magnavox backlog—virtually all of it in military orders for walkie-talkies, radar units, aircraft and mobile ground communications equipment, satellite signal receivers, and submarine-detecting "Sonobuoys"—stands at \$152 million. As if all that were not enough, Magnavox has entered the wooden-furniture business, and it is entering the organ field with an electronic instrument used by Leopold Stokowski's American Symphony Orchestra.

The source of much of the company's energy is its 60-year-old president, Freimann (pronounced Fry-man), who heads up a trim management team with an average age in the low 40s, emigrated from Hungary as a boy, lived in Chicago, quit trade school after two years and, at 19, talked his way into the chief engineer's job at the Lyradion Co., one of the early makers of radio-phonographs. "In those days," says Freimann, "the only people who knew anything about radio were kids." Freimann eventually formed his own Electro-Acoustic Products Co., where his chief supplier of loudspeakers was a struggling outfit named Magnavox. After the two companies merged in 1938, Freimann per-



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stated the loss-troubled Magnavox management to switch from component to consumer production, stick to a quality line, sell at fixed prices through carefully selected franchised dealers. Even today, Magnavox has only 3,500 dealers.

"We don't want to be the biggest," explains Freimann, who became president in 1950. "Only the best."

METALS

More in Sorrow than in Anger

Back in October 1965, the nation's aluminum industry announced price increases, only to back down when the inflation-wary Johnson Administration threatened to dump Government stockpiles on the open market. Last week, following a wave of price hikes on other basic metals, major aluminum producers decided to try again. This time the Administration reacted through Gardner Ackley, the President's chief economic adviser, who criticized what he called an "ill-timed sequence of price increases."

Ackley apparently spoke more in sorrow than in anger—and this seems to have been the pattern in recent metal price hikes. When the leading U.S. copper companies, which had also been pressured into rolling back price hikes in 1965, announced 2¢-a-lb. increases two weeks ago, Washington merely grumbled. Thus encouraged, nine steel-makers last week followed Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp.'s earlier lead in raising prices on tubular products by averages of 2.5% to 3%. At the same time, the price of molybdenum, an alloy agent used in strengthening steel, was raised 3.7% by two leading producers. In view of all the activity, the aluminum increases—1¢ a lb. by Alcoa, Alcan, Reynolds, Kaiser Aluminum and Olin Mathieson—seemed almost anticlimactic.

While obviously unhappy about it, the Administration has pretty well exhausted both its stockpiles and its powers of persuasion. Industry, meanwhile, has learned to be more prudent. This time round, a number of the companies consulted with Washington before raising prices, then kept the increases relatively modest. And, as Ackley admitted, the copper, molybdenum and aluminum producers had patiently "held back price increases for periods ranging from six months to more than a year."

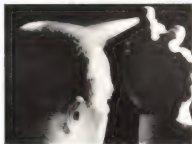
The steel industry had shown even more restraint: its price move on tubular products, which comprised 10% of the industry's output, was the first such increase in eight years. Even so, baffled economists pointed out that it came at a time when the construction industry, a major user of steel pipe, is in decline. Moreover, it seemed to ignore the growing competition from foreign steel-makers, who accounted for about 10% of all sales in the U.S. last year. There is a suspicion in Washington that steel, for one, may yet have to rescind its price increases—not so much because of Government threats but to make its way in a highly competitive market.

ADVERTISING

By the Hair

Henry Albert Bauer, manager of the champion Baltimore Orioles, has a chest like a Santa Gertrudis steer's. His smile resembles a rock slide, and "Play ball" are only two of the four-letter words that the rugged onetime Marine master sergeant knows well and uses often. So is that really Hank Bauer on television nowadays, spraying his spikelike crew cut with Ozon Hair Spray from that pink and grey can?

You bet your pompadour it is. And



BAUER SPRAYING OZON
Just one of those sissies.

if Bauer isn't enough, the Mets' Yogi Berra and the Yankees' Joe Pepitone go through the same toilette. Each of them, purrs an unseen announcer, is "one of those sissies who uses his wife's hair spray." The one-minute commercial ends with a reminder that Ozon is "the family hair spray that leaves your hair feeling like hair."

The commercial was dreamed up by Ted Bates & Co., the Manhattan agency that got the Ozon account after the Borden Co. bought Ozon Products, Inc. last year. Trying to get men by the hair, the agency sought males who were, in an ad man's words, "unassailably masculine" to pitch for Ozon. In view

of the fact that 90% of sprays are still bought by women, another hope for the commercial is that women viewers will sit up and listen when they see such mainly ogres as Bauer and Berra.

Just what this is going to do for sales is still uncertain. The ballplayers claim to be pleased in spite of the ribbing they are bound to get. Yogi Berra, who previously had plugged products such as Puss 'n Boots cat food, insists that he uses the spray three times a week. "What I like about it," he explains earnestly, "it isn't greasy." Bauer is equally enthusiastic but not quite so faithful to Ozon. "I've used it once or twice since making the commercial," he says. "I keep my hair short, sure, but it's a help just the same."

ENERGY

Lighting Up with Coal

The world's largest seller of coal, Peabody Coal Co. of St. Louis, last week signed one of the biggest single contracts in the history of the industry. The \$500 million agreement calls for the delivery by Peabody of a minimum of 117 million tons of coal to the yet-to-be-built Mohave Power Project in Clark County, Nev., 80 miles from Las Vegas. Being built by three Southwestern utility companies headed by Southern California Edison, the \$188 million electrical-power plant will have two 750,000-kw. generators on 2,500 acres of Colorado River land. Power from the plant, along with that from a similar project already under construction in western New Mexico, will light up the lamps of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, and the proliferating lower two-thirds of California.

The Mohave furnaces will gobble up the equivalent of two 100-car trains of coal each day when they begin operating in 1970. Peabody will mine the coal in the Black Mesa area of northern Arizona, crush and convert it to slurry by adding water, pump it to the Mohave plant by way of a 275-mile coal pipeline (the longest of its kind in the world).

The Nevada site for the Mohave project was selected because 1) there are no antismog regulations out on the desert. 2) the Colorado River is an ideal source of the water required by the plant, and 3) the desert land is central to the areas it will serve. Selection of coal, rather than gas-oil or nuclear energy to fuel the Mohave power plant, was determined by the simple economics of electric-power production. Coal-generated power costs about 60% as much as that produced by a new nuclear plant, and at least 10% less than gas-oil generation. Moreover, new, extra-high voltage power lines, such as the ones that will carry current 200 miles from Mohave to San Clemente, Calif., have made long-distance power transmission economically feasible. The choice of coal will also result in additional jobs and some \$30 million in royalties to the Hopi and Navajo owners of the Black Mesa coal mines.



Not just for longhairs

Come to Britain—ancient & mod

If our legal bigwigs look stuffy to you, British law may surprise you.

"Live and let swing," seems to be the motto. So gambling clubs are legal in Britain. And off-track betting, too. (Bookmakers are called "Turf Accountants." You'll see their offices everywhere.)

Odd that the laws that allow all this were made in some of Britain's most time-hallowed halls.

This picture, for instance, shows New Square, which was new in the 17th century. (Just out of the picture is the Old Hall, built the year that Columbus sailed for America.)

Around the corner is Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop, where bits and pieces of all time lie jumbled together.

All of Britain, in fact, seems a sort of Old Curiosity Shop, with a New Curiosity Boutique attached. Legal

bigwigs, pop singers flipping *their* wigs, the armor that made history, the gear that makes fashion. For here, all the centuries live at once, the old as lively as the new.

Start to plan your trip now. See a travel agent. Or send the coupon for a free 52-page picture guide, "Vacations in Britain," and see what you've been missing.

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It's the Hoerner Waldorf complete-service concept that includes virtually every type of paper packaging known, as well as the machinery to handle these innovations.

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WALDORF**



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In Republic Steel's laboratories and mills, the "Go" button is always on, developing new ideas in steelmaking to meet today's fast-growing need for better steels, creating new steels to meet tomorrow's design requirements.



This STEELMARK of the American Steel Industry on a product assures you it is modern, versatile, economical Steel. Put it on products you sell, look for it on products you buy.



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REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101



One of the strongest features of a Chris-Craft is made of paper.

And boldly printed on the paper is the word **Warranty**.

Chris-Craft warrants: "For the first 24 months or 400 hours of operation, whichever comes first, Chris-Craft Corporation will repair or replace, at its option, parts defective by reason of faulty workmanship or material returned to the selling dealer with transportation charges to the point of manufacture. For the first 12 months or 200 hours of operation, whichever comes first, Chris-Craft will pay the labor costs as determined by its schedule for removal and reinstallation of such parts. Chris-Craft does not warrant used boat or engine purchases, paints, varnishes, chrome, gelcoats, racing boats or engines, altered boats or parts or speeds."

You probably would agree that this is a very liberal warranty.

You may even think Chris-Craft stands to take a licking living up to it (especially if you've had some bad experiences with other kinds of boats).

But the truth is that this iron-clad Chris-Craft warranty is based on a very conservative estimate of what you as an owner

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Model shown above is the 38' Commander, an all-fiberglass six-sleeper. Twin V8's or diesels. From \$31,790 f.o.b. factory. For information write to Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida 33061.

WORLD BUSINESS

TARIFFS

Rolling Them Back

Representatives of 51 nations at the Kennedy Round negotiations in Geneva last week heaved a collective sigh of relief when President Johnson ordered an immediate reduction of U.S. duties on imported watch movements and most types of sheet glass. Politically and psychologically, the news came at a strategic stage of the talks—the eleventh hour—which have been held since 1963 under the aegis of GATT, the 20-year-old General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

When these two "escape clause" tariffs were first raised to protect U.S. industry from the squeeze of foreign competition, the reaction in Europe was, to say the very least, negative. In 1962 Belgium raised its duties on U.S. chemicals within 48 hours after U.S. duties on sheet glass were increased. In 1954 the U.S. raised its tariff on imported watch movements. Since then, the Swiss have threatened to allow no significant tariff reductions unless the U.S. eased its stand. Now both countries are pleased, and the European Economic Community as a whole is more hopeful of concrete achievements at the conference tables in Geneva.

In the U.S., President Johnson may suffer loss of support in some quarters as a result of his decision, for a few watchmakers and glass producers will be adversely affected. Generally the move should be beneficial, and some Washington officials estimated that U.S. exports will be increased by \$70 million as a direct result of the rollback, thus adding a worthwhile corrective element to the U.S. balance of payments position.

FRANCE

Losing Bet

For a tumultuous 30 minutes every afternoon, traders mill around a closed-off *corbeille* on the Paris Bourse to buy and sell gold for French banks. Much of the activity centers on a hoary, 20-franc gold piece known as the Napoléon—and when the market opened last week, an unprecedented buying spree sent the Napoléon's price soaring to its highest level in 15 years. At 50.4 francs (\$10.29), the coin was selling for a whopping 57% more than its gold content is worth at official world prices.

Such dubious investments have always had a special appeal for the gold-hoarding French. As a result, perhaps one-eighth of the estimated \$30 billion worth of privately held gold in the world is now in French hands. One reason is that many Frenchmen see gold as a hedge against the kind of devaluation that plagued the franc after World War II.

Beyond that, their hoarding has been encouraged by the example of their own government, which in early 1965 started siphoning gold away from the U.S. as part of Charles de Gaulle's offensive against the dollar.

Still Pressing. By cashing in its dollars for bullion at a \$54-million-a-month rate, France has aggravated the U.S. gold drain, weakened confidence in paper currency in general, and touched off a worldwide wave of speculation in gold. The resulting gold scarcity has left the free world's official monetary reserves—for the most part bullion and dollars—annoyingly tight. Last week the International Monetary Fund reported that worldwide reserves increased by a scant \$460 million during the first nine months of 1966.

Though a deteriorating balance-of-trade position forced France to halt its



THE 20-FRANC NAPOLEON
Obliquely offensive.

bullion purchases last fall, the De Gaulle government has found other ways to keep up its pressure on the dollar. This month, in an interview with Paris' *Le Monde*, French Finance Minister Michel Debré obliquely suggested that one possible way to assure more international liquidity is to raise the official world price of gold, which has been fixed at \$35 an ounce since 1934. Debré's remarks, in which he neglected to point out that nothing has aggravated the liquidity problem more than France's hoarding, ignited last week's surge of activity in the Bourse's gold market; in purchasing Napoléons at inflated prices, investors were betting, in effect, that the official world price will rise.

"Completely Unacceptable." For the foreseeable future, that is a losing bet. For one thing, most of the world's governments and central banks are against a gold price increase. Moreover, no increase is possible without the acquiescence of the U.S., which guarantees to sell gold at \$35, still has \$13 billion in gold reserves to back up its word. And the U.S. is determined to resist a move

that would have the effect of devaluing the dollar. "Any suggestion that the price of gold be raised," said a Treasury Department official last week, "is completely unacceptable."

WEST GERMANY

Rethinking Small

In West Germany's deepening business downturn, few areas of the economy have suffered more than the auto industry. Production, which increased 12% in 1965, rose a bare 3% last year (to 3,000,000), and automakers entered 1967 with a worrisome 360,000 unsold cars. So severe is the slump that mighty Volkswagen, fourth largest automaker in the world (after the U.S. Big Three), is learning to think small again. Off Volkswagen's assembly lines at Wolfsburg last week rolled the first of its new Model 1200 sedans, which VW executives call the *Wirtschaftskriese Käfer*—the "economic crisis beetle."

Graced with the same snub-nosed design that has characterized the basic bug since 1948, the new 1200 is as much a throwback as an evolution. It has the same chrome trim and many, though not all, of the improvements built into the current 1300 and 1500 models, such as wide-track wheels and automatic choke. But the new car resurrects the pony 41-h.p. engine which VW dropped in 1965. It will hit 70 m.p.h. as against 78 m.p.h. for the 53-h.p. 1500, will cost a bare \$1,121, compared with \$1,287 for the 1300.

Volkswagen President Heinz Nordhoff hopes that the smaller car will meet Germany's straitened "economic realities." With Germans uneasy about a developing recession and, in many cases, going on shorter work weeks, new-car registrations plunged 14% last November, and VW's sales at home fell to a record low of 16% of its production. The measures imposed by the hard-pressed government pushed gasoline prices up by 4¢ per gal., and German car-insurance companies this month raised their rates by as much as 12½%.

Actually, VW has been rather slow in meeting the new need for spartan transportation. While the company was busy promoting its relatively new 1500 fastback sedan, G.M.'s and Ford's German subsidiaries were challenging the beetle at its own game. Sales of G.M.'s small, \$1,360 Opel Kadett soared 28% last year, after a 6% drop in 1965. Ford last September successfully reintroduced its \$1,322 Taurus 15M, a model it had dropped in 1959. When his 1200 gets into full production, Volkswagen's Nordhoff plans to skip the rich U.S. market, which accounts for 25% of VW's sales, export it only to other countries "where the money does not roll as freely as before."

MODERN LIVING

THE HOME

Back to the '30s

The best preview of what America will be living with in the near future is Chicago's annual International Home Furnishings show. To it come some 40,000 department-store buyers; there to catch their eyes are all the leading U.S. furniture manufacturers, who last week had filled up ten floors of the Merchandise Mart, decorated 700 sample rooms, and put on display some 8,000 pieces of furniture. Most were familiar, American buying habits have long been traditional and change slowly; Chippendale copies still outsell modern 100 to 1, and buyers with lots of money tend to want the real thing, certified antiques, rather than to sponsor adventurous new designers.

Sausage Arms. But this year, showgoers spotted a new trend: a sweeping return to the 1930s, with its love of overstuffed furniture (one possible source of inspiration: late night replays on TV of the '30s movies) and the bright chrome chairs, tables and settees initiated by such Bauhaus architect-designers as Marcel Breuer and Mies van der Rohe: there was even a revival of the laminated blond wood chairs made popular by Finnish Architect Alvar Aalto in the 1940s. What made the trend significant is that such furniture comes not from the avant-garde, relatively low-volume makers such as Knoll Associates and Herman Miller, but from mass manufacturers.

But if the styles were recognizable, they were of mixed ancestry. The sinuous curves of George Muthauer's molded plywood chair and matching otto-

man (Directional Industries, \$280) instantly recall Aalto, for example, but the sausage-shaped arms and headrest owe more to Le Corbusier. Hans Eichenger's tubular framed sofa (Stendig, \$1,000) is a relatively straightforward, clean-lined exercise in the Miesian idiom. Blond wood was back in Edward Wormley's new line for Dunbar, which features ash in everything from storage carts that open up for dining (\$560) to toadstool-shaped tables (\$248) and benches (\$234).

A Design Called Crazy. Inevitably, many manufacturers have decided to tap the op-pop scene for bright, youthful ideas. Thayer Coggin, for one, showed tables covered in vinyl with polka-dot, floral and zebra patterns. Kroehler, the world's largest manufacturer, held seven conferences with what the company calls "nearlyweds" (ages 18 to 22), concluded that they wanted their homes to look as unlike their parents' homes as possible. For them, Kroehler has developed its "In Group" line: sofas and settees covered in shiny vinyl, chairs and chaises longues in velvet and wide-ribbed corduroy patterned with polka dots, scrolls and stripes. One design is simply called Crazy.

That is not to say that all designers necessarily find the idea of kooky furniture appealing. "I have no sympathy for the youth cult," said Edward Wormley to *Home Furnishings Daily*. "Furniture can be fun, but it still must have dignity and integrity." And for those who agree, there is at least this consolation: emulating Detroit, the big manufacturers have each recently begun bringing out at least one stylistically new line annually. Wait until next year.



KROEHLER'S "IN GROUP"
Something for the nearlyweds.



DIANA DEW IN ELECTRIC DRESS
Bigger battery, bigger flash.

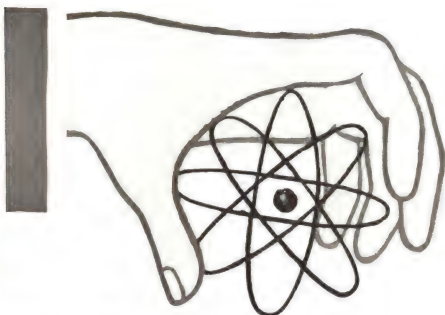
FASHION

Turn On, Turn Off

Diana Dew, 23, wears spurs, subsists on brown rice, and has a boy friend called Medulla Oblongata who blows out for an acid-rock combo known as the Gurus. She is also, as of five months ago, a designer for the far-out Paraphernalia boutique chain. And so quickly do things happen in the mod, mod world of fashion that she has already been hailed as a major innovator, and last week was the hit of the show at Paraphernalia's Manhattan workshop.

What Diana has done—and nobody thought of doing before—is to make dresses that switch on and off. By using pliable plastic lamps sewn into the clothes in segments and connected to a rechargeable battery pack worn on the hip, just like Batman, she has been able to produce minidresses with throbbing hearts and pulsating belly stars, as well as pants with flashing vertical side seams and horizontal bands that march up and down the legs in luminous sequence. "They're hyperdelic transsensory experiences," says Diana. Potentiometers on the battery pack allow the wearer to produce from one to twelve flashes per second. The batteries themselves can be recharged by being plugged in, just like an electric toothbrush, and at full strength are good for five hours of flashing. "If a girl wants to flash for ten hours, she'll have to get a bigger battery," says Diana.

She also is busy expanding the Dew line to include wide neckties ("the flashiest ever"), a dress that spells out words, and even one that is wired to play music. There is always the chance, of course, that one of her hyperdelic transsensory minis might break down. No problem. Says Diana: "Please just take it to the nearest radio-TV repair shop."



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With power needs for Americans in the year 2000 slated to be about seven times what they are now, the investor-owned electric light and power companies are hard at work making the atom pay off with low-priced electric service. They are participating in 53 atomic electric projects to the tune of 3 billion dollars—one of the many ways they are making sure you'll have all the electric energy you'll ever need.

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70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005

Married. Princess Margriet, 23, third daughter of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands; and Pieter van Vollenhoven, 27, lawyer son of a Dutch sail manufacturer, whom she met at college; in The Hague.

Married. Charles Aznavour, 42, France's pint-sized disenchanted love (*C'est fini, You've Let Yourself Go*); and Ulla Thorsell, 25, miniskirted Swedish model; he for the third time; at Las Vegas' Flamingo Hotel.

Died. John E. Fogarty, 53, Democratic Congressman from Rhode Island, one of two from the tiny state, known among his colleagues as "Mr. Public Health" during 17 years as chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee dealing with the Departments of Labor, Health, Education and Welfare, who believed that "no American life should be lost because of a lack of research funds," saw it over the years that literally billions of dollars in federal money were set aside for research into cancer, heart and other diseases; of a heart attack; in his Washington office, shortly before he was to be sworn in for his 14th term.

Died. Mary and Margaret Gibb, 54, oldest U.S. Siamese twins, joined through life above the buttocks; of cancer, within two minutes of one another; in Holyoke, Mass. (see MEDICINE).

Died. Jacques Heim, 67, Parisian high-fashion designer whose House of Heim was considerably less radical than the houses of Dior, Chanel, and Lanvin, tending to very elegant, quietly simple styles (among his clients: Minc, de Gaulle, Queen Fabiola, Mammie Eisenhower), yet could hardly be called stodgy, seeing as how it was the birthplace in 1946 of a teeny-weeny swimsuit called the *Atome*, which Heim designed for Riviera beaches and which other designers picked up and renamed the bikini; of a cerebral embolism; in Neuilly, France.

Died. François C. Erasmus, 70, South African politician, one of his country's fiercest supporters of anti-British, white-supremacist doctrines, who in 1952, as Minister of Defense, purged most of the military's World War II leaders because they had fought in "Britain's war," and in 1960, as Minister of Justice, was largely responsible for the ill-famed Sharpeville massacre of 72 Africans protesting the *apartheid* passbook laws; of a heart attack; in Bredaaspoort, South Africa.

Died. Charles Burchfield, 73, home-spun, Ohio-born artist, who shunned publicity, never traveled abroad, cared little for critics, convention or popular trends in art, nonetheless won fame and finan-

cial success in the 1920s for his watercolors of grey and sordid industrial scenes, after which he changed his style completely, indulged his sense of fantasy by musing about heaven ("Like Corot, I hope there will be painting there") and doing fairy-tale landscapes haunted by macabre creatures: of heart disease; in Gardenville, N.Y.

Died. Robert J. H. Kiphuth, 76, Yale's peerless swimming coach from 1918 to 1959, who was only a fair-to-middling paddler himself but had such an eye for form, such a fetish for physical fitness and such a commitment to his sport the would sit at the bottom of the pool in a diving suit to spot flaws invisible from above; that he won 528 dual meets (r. only twelve losses) and four national championships for Yale plus four Olympic victories for the U.S.; following an intestinal hemorrhage; in New Haven, Conn.

Died. The Rev. Dr. Ivan Lee Holt, 81, president of the National Council of Churches from 1935 to 1936 and vice president of the World Council of Churches from 1948 to 1952, who spent his life in an attempt to join the nine U.S. Protestant denominations into a single church with 23 million members, warning that Protestantism faced "reorganization or disintegration" in the modern world, and in the process strongly influenced the Constitution on Church Union, which is dedicated to Protestant Unity; of pneumonia; in Atlanta.

Died. Grenville Clark, 84, Wall Street lawyer, Harvard benefactor (a member of the "Corporation" for 19 years), World Federalist and friend to two Presidents named Roosevelt, who did not let that stop him from organizing a national lawyers' committee to fight F.D.R.'s Supreme Court "packing" plan in 1937, later drafted the 1940 Selective Service Act, established the American Bar Association's civil rights committee, and wrote a voluminous treatise (*World Peace Through World Law*) calling for extensive revision of the United Nations charter, total disarmament and formation of a world development organization to promote peace; of cancer; in Dublin, N.H.

Died. General Holland M. ("Howlin' Mad") Smith, 84, U.S. Marine, who became known as "the father of modern amphibious warfare" when he commanded the Fleet Marine Force in the Pacific during World War II; of a heart attack; in San Diego, Calif. A stocky, sulphurous, onetime Alabama lawyer, Smith personally led the bloody Marine assaults on Tarawa, Saipan and Iwo Jima, and dismissed criticism of heavy casualty rates (3,200 casualties at Tarawa alone) with "Gentlemen, it was our will to die."

CINEMA

Little Boy Bluebeard

Arrivederci, Baby! Across the screen on twinkle toes comes skipping one of the cutest little velveteen-agers the public has seen since Freddie Bartholomew turned contralto. He has big brown eyes and pretty brown bangs, and in that silly-frilly Little Lord Fauntleroy suit he doesn't look a day over twelve. He does look familiar, though. No, it can't be—Tony Curtis?

Yes it can. In this mockabre and occasionally hilarious comedy written and directed by Britain's Ken Hughes, Tony plays a Little Boy Bluebeard who just naturally grows up to be a lady-killer.

Victim No. 1 is a wealthy widow (Anna Quayle) who consoles herself by hawling the *Kashmiri Song* ("Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar/Whom do you lead on Rapture's road-way far?") while she somehow makes her harp sound like a bedspring banged with a coal scuttle. Before long teeny Tony, her stepson and heir, just can't face the music. So he runs a wire from his toy-train set to the frame of the harp, transforming it into a colossal toaster that does stepmother up brown.

Victim No. 2 is Wife No. 1 (Zsa Zsa Gabor), the jet-set jabbernaught Tony meets and marries when he grows out of short pants. With rocks on her fingers and rocks in her head, she gives Tony two months of Gaboredom until one day he leaves her locked in the capsule of a space rocket that promptly becomes the world's first guided missile.

And so on, till in Victim No. 4 (Rossina Schiaffino), phony Tony meets a man-killer who shows him how two can die as cheaply as one. By that time, unfortunately, the joke has gone on too long, and the spectator is left with a somewhat unnerving realization: at 41, Curtis seems most at home in his scenes as Little Lord Fauntleroy.



CURTIS IN "ARRIVERDCI"
Lord of the mockabre.



WELCH & MASTROIANNI IN "SHOOT"
Murder of the art.

Crime Without Comedy

Why did Napoleon advance on Moscow? Why did Harold Stassen run for Mayor of Philadelphia? Why did the King of Scotland accept that weekend invitation at the Machbeths? Why did Marcello Mastroianni and Peter Sellers—international stars who can pick their scripts and name their salaries—waste themselves on these low-explosive, misfiring bombs?

Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand!, a comedy murder that actually contains neither, casts Mastroianni as a bumbling Neapolitan sculptor who is never quite sure of what he has seen and what he has merely dreamed. When a killing apparently takes place next door, he hurls himself variously into 1) the chase, 2) the pneumatic embrace of Cover Girl Raquel Welch, whose acting ability ranges from busy to hippy, and 3) conversation with his dumb uncle (Eduardo De Filippo), who hasn't spoken to anyone in 50 years and communicates by blasting off homemade firecrackers. By the time the non-crime is non-solved, the movie may well earn itself a theaterful of non-viewers.

After the Fox presents Sellers in a garlicky farce that could barely make the late late show on Sicilian TV. Most of the actors race around the screen like men outrunning the sound of their own words. Sellers himself is cast as a sort of Unlucky Luciano who poses as a sort of Federico Foolini. He makes a film about some crooks smuggling \$3,000,000 worth of gold bullion into Italy—and uses the movie project as a cover for some actual smuggling. The phony film is shown at his trial. It is intended to look absurdly awful, but customers may not get the point: the rest of *Fox* looks just about as bad.

How did Sellers get into this mess? He



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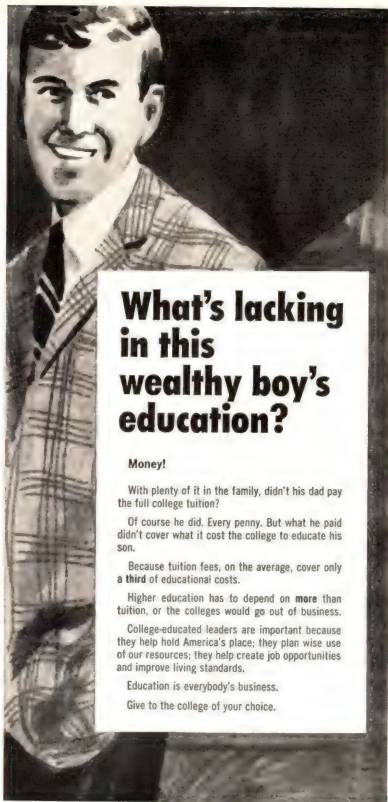
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obviously counted on such proven professionals as Scriptwriter Neil Simon (*The Odd Couple*) and Director Vittorio De Sica (*Marriage—Italian Style*) to work a miracle and save the show. Was he ever wrong.

○ Attic Shapes!

Young Aphrodites, directed by Nikos Koundouros.

There really was a land of Arcadia.

A pile of rocks.

In the Peloponnese, it just sat there until Theocritus.

A pastoral poet, put it on the map as a literary

Weekend retreat for tired Greek businessmen.

In hexametric idylls, he described the pretty place

As a sort of Aegean Acapulco overpopulated

With hearty herdsmen in putting pursuit of nubile nymphs

—And let the goats roam where they may. After two millennia,

This film reconstitutes Arcadia as a state of mind.

It tells the sad sweet story of Daphnis and of Chloë.

A herdsman and a water sprite, how they loved and lost.

In luminous frames it celebrates the bouldered shores

Of Attica, the softer charms of the nymph who plays the nymph.

In pulsing episodes it ventures to display the hot young herdsmen

Bouncing their brides in broad daylight, as the boys in the idylls did.

The idylls grew like plants in the soil of ancient Greece;

To construct one now is to construct an artificial flower.

A plastic Parthenon. Keats after all did not

Simply reproduce the Grecian urn he took delight in;

He let it inspire a creative delirium, a new work of art.

This picture, like this review, cannot be called

An idyll merely because it is made in the form of an idyll.



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BOOKS

The Reality of the Past

SPEAK, MEMORY by Vladimir Nabokov. 316 pages. Putnam \$6.75.

Ego dictates all autobiographies, the good and the bad; the truly modest man keeps silent, letting his life speak for itself. The literary world can be grateful that Novelist Vladimir Nabokov is not all that modest a man. He is, in fact, a compulsive autobiographer. For the past 30 years he has been disburshing fragments of this book to an international assortment of periodicals, obsessively revising, editing and amplifying. Now in its final polish, *Speak, Memory* deserves to stand as a rare and precious specimen of the autobiographical art.

The book takes Nabokov only to the May morning in 1940, when he and his wife Vera and their only child Dmitri, then 6, embarked for New York from the French port of Saint-Nazaire. Behind him lay two distinct and finished lifetimes. The nearer one was his 20 years as an émigré Russian in Western Europe, teaching tennis and English, writing more or less autobiographical novels in his native tongue. But the farther distance stood closer to his soul, and it stands there still. That was Nabokov's Russian youth, destroyed after 1917 by the Revolution, and constituting an insistent summons from the past. "I would submit," he writes, "that in regard to the power of hoarding up impressions, Russian children of my generation passed through a period of genius, as if destiny were loyally trying what it could for them by giving them more than their share, in view of the total cataclysm that was to remove completely the world they had known."

Cloud Castles. Nabokov's recall seems total. Across his greedy, adoring memory float the cloud castles of a childhood that vanished with the czars: a winter residence in St. Petersburg, a summer estate with five bathrooms and 50 servants, "a bewildering succession of English nurses and governesses" and tutors, long bicycle rides along the Luga highway with his beloved father, "mights-eaved, knickerbockered, tweed-coated, cheeker-capped," holidays in European seaside resorts and spas—all of it heightened now by the awareness of irretrievable loss. "A sense of security, of well-being, of summer warmth pervades my memory. That robust reality makes a ghost of the present." It is of no importance that Russian imperialism underwrote that way of life. Nabokov is concerned only with preserving "the beauty of intangible property, unreal estate"—and he transports the reader with a series of unforgettable images that have nothing to do with ideology or geography.

The sun, setting exclusively for the young Nabokov, "lent an ember to my bicycle bell." Ben, Dan, Sam and Ned,

the "wan-faced, big-limbed, silent nit-wits" encountered in the English grammar that he mastered before Russian, "now drift with a slow-motioned slouch across the remotest backdrop of my memory." On the Nord-Express, "I saw a city, with its toylike trams, linden trees and brick walls, enter the compartment, hobnob with the mirrors, and fill to the brim the windows on the corridor side." A telephone number rises from the welter of years: "What would happen if I put in a long-distance call from my desk right now? No answer? No such number? No such country?"

Highest Rank. No such country. The present has deservedly rewarded Nabokov, now 67, whose novels in English—



NABOKOV & FATHER (1906)

Across a greedy, adoring memory.

The Real Life of Sebastian Knight, *Bend Sinister*, *Invitation to a Beheading*, *Invitation to a Beheading*, *Invitation to a Beheading*—have placed him in the highest rank of contemporary writers. These books stimulated a demand for the author's total work, so that most of his earlier Russian novels have now completed the journey into translation.

He has responded to his success by leaving the U.S., where he lived until 1960, to take up a voluntary exile in a hotel in Montreux, Switzerland—as near as he can get to the source of his memories, as near as he wants to get. In a foreword to this splendid hymn to his past, he suggests that one day he will write a sequel, *Speak On, Memory*, covering the years spent in America.

It is hoped that he will, but he may not. The present, after all, is a ghost of less substance than the unmelting snows that mantle his youth. "The snow is real," he writes, imagining some long-ago blizzard, "and as I bend to it and scoop up a handful, 60 years crumble to glittering frost-dust between my fingers."

Prescription for the Poor

THE ECONOMICS OF POVERTY by Thomas Balogh. 381 pages. Macmillan. \$7.95.

"England's most controversial economist," as the dust jacket correctly bills Thomas Balogh, believes that the world is a ticking time bomb. Rich nations are getting richer while poor nations are getting poorer—and unless the trend is radically reversed, warns the author, all the colored races will embrace Chinese-style totalitarianism. His thesis is well-worn and his stark pessimism is questionable, but the problem of widening inequalities is all too real and urgent.

Balogh's book does not make comfortable reading—his style is both windy and wooden, his ideas are immoderate. Yet it is an important book because Balogh, 61, is no Peiping Tom but one of the non-Communist world's top doctors to underdeveloped lands. He is, or has been, a consultant to India, Ghana, Algeria and half a dozen other governments and U.N. agencies. Moreover, he is a Cabinet adviser to his longtime friend and neighbor, Harold Wilson. He has engineered many of the tough tax programs and convoluted controls in Britain—where Budapest-born Balogh is widely known as "Pest."

Power to the State. The book, a compendium of secret memos to Premiers and public articles by Balogh over the past dozen years, hammers at one main point: underdeveloped countries must rapidly industrialize by "conscious planning and state intervention." Balogh frowns on most private foreign investment and advises underdeveloped countries against all "unnecessary investments," such as money spent for the production of more than one basic kind of auto. Though he is a Fabian Socialist, he urges the underdeveloped to be tough with their labor: discourage trade unions and minimum wage laws, he suggests, because they increase production costs and promote the rise of a small privileged class of skilled workers.

To persuade people to consume less and produce more, writes Balogh, governments must put stern controls on output, imports, wages, prices and the human psyche. If capitalist-style advertising campaigns cannot induce people to accept austerity and sacrifice, then governments may well be advised to try the compulsion of Marx and Mao.

Enlarge the Farms. Poor countries go wrong, Balogh argues, by trying to equalize incomes and alleviate immediate needs instead of investing for the future and raising production. He favors land reform, but notes that the time-honored method of cutting up large estates only cuts output. Rather than wasting time trying to increase the productivity of illiterate peasant farmers, the state in the short run should concentrate on inducing large, rich farmers to adopt modern methods.

For the longer term, Balogh believes

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that many underdeveloped nations are so backward and Balkanized that their best hope lies in banding into regional common markets, such as the Latin American Free Trade Association conceived by its ally, Argentina's Raúl Prebisch. Richer nations should not only greatly increase their foreign aid, but also channel it through an international organization and budget it on a long-term basis. To accomplish this, the world needs a major reform of its monetary system so that generous nations—notably the U.S.—would not be penalized by balance-of-payments deficits as a result of foreign aid.

Success Overlooked. Balogh's ideas are an odd mixture of common sense and doctrinaire Pesting. He believes that capitalism is "on the defensive" and distrusts the "North Atlantic Protestant atmosphere" that favors private initiative. "Only totalitarianism and Communist compulsion," he says, "have succeeded in lifting poverty-stricken countries onto the road of progressive improvement." Balogh's tune has hardly changed a note since the early post-war era, when he proclaimed confidently that only the long continuance of direct economic controls could restore Europe's prosperity.

No one denies that today's underdeveloped nations will have to use considerable planning and controls if they hope to make progress, but Balogh's case is too extreme, too rigid. Harold Wilson's friend seems to overlook the resounding success of Western Europe's market economies. He also ignores the fact that the Communist world, prodded by such economists as Russia's Evsei Liberman and Czechoslovakia's Ota Šik, is rapidly loosening state controls and adopting Western methods of enterprise. Above all, he fails to mention the recent advances of free enterprise from Chile to Malaysia to Greece.

The Magnificent Lunatic

MADAME SARAH by Cornelia Otis Skinner. 356 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.95.

Max Beerholm thought that she shed an aura of luhd supernaturality. Dumas the elder described her voice as "a spring that ripples and leaps over golden pebbles." One awed critic wrote that watching her was as fascinating as watching a wild animal in a cage. She herself apparently felt like a great tigress stalking among fluttering doves; she always claimed that she once tried to persuade a famous surgeon to graft a tiger's tail to her spine so that she could lish it about when she got angry. To her fans, she was known as "Sarah the Divine," or sometimes "The Magnificent Lunatic."

There is no doubt that the great Sarah Bernhardt was the most fabled theatrical personality of her time. For nearly 61 years she captured the world's theaters and left her audiences enchanted, even though toward the end she was



BERNHARDT AS SCULPTRESS (c. 1878)
Tigress among the doves.

a grotesquely overpainted, raddled old crone. Her memoirs and a dozen biographies contain such a hodgepodge of legend that it is often hard to decide whether Bernhardt was truly a gifted actress or merely a canny show-woman. In this effervescent biography, Cornelia Otis Skinner, herself an actress and writer (*Elegant Wits* and *Grand Horizontals*), expertly sorts out the conflicting mass of material. Her conclusion is that Bernhardt was both a genius and a lovable loony.

Long & Short. The illegitimate daughter of a pretty Jewish Dutch milliner turned Parisian *courtisane*, Sarah was a sickly, cranky and exceedingly homey child. Never in her life, in fact, did anyone suggest that she was beautiful. Her hair was a reddish-blond mop, fuzzy and unruly, her nose overlong, her face hollow-cheeked and colorless, and she always emphasized her pallor by slathering on white powder. In an era when the feminine ideal was a dimpled and cushiony Venus, she was skinny as a slat. "An empty carriage pulled up at the stage door and Sarah Bernhardt got out," said one wit. A columnist declared that "she never needed an umbrella—she was thin enough to walk between the drops." Dumas the younger, who knew Sarah well because she appeared for years in his *Lady of the Camellias* and made waves of money for both of them, once said, "You know, she's such a liar, she may even be fat."

Bernhardt was 15 when the Duc de Morny, one of her mother's lovers, arranged for her to study at the French Conservatoire. Two years later, she was in the Comédie Française, and was acquiring a reputation as a tempestuous prima donna. By the time she was 20, she had taken a lover and given birth to an illegitimate son. Then began the

long parade: short runs with a vast assortment of lovers, longer runs and growing fame on the stage. She was the queen in Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, *Phedre* in Racine's classic, and she donned trousers as Napoleon's hapless son, the Duc de Reichstadt, in Edmond Rostand's *L'Aiglon*. Kings mooned over her, and audiences wept torrents over her magnificent death scenes.

Tame Lion. Offstage, no project or gimmick was too daring, too dangerous or too absurd for her. She took up sculpture and painting, the piano and writing, pistol shooting and fishing, ballooning and alligator hunting. She went down into a Pennsylvania coal mine, kept a tame lion in her house, and—though she claimed vehemently that she opposed capital punishment—attended a hanging in London, a garrotting in Madrid and two beheadings in France. "If there's anything more remarkable than watching Sarah act," observed one admirer, "it's watching her live."

None of her activities ever interfered with her devotion to the theater. She earned about \$9,000,000 in her long career, playing in the world's top theaters as well as tents and makeshift open-air stages. As she lay dying at 78, in her Paris house on March 26, 1923, she rallied from a coma to ask if there were any reporters outside. When she was told that there were, she smiled. "I can tease them now a little by making them cool their heels," she said. And then she died.

Candide Keaton

BALLOONS ARE AVAILABLE by Jordan Crittenden. 180 pages. Atheneum. \$4.50.

The only cumbrous thing about this novel is the title, borrowed from some lines by W. H. Auden. Otherwise, *Balloons Are Available* is lighter than air and easily dirigible toward its comic purpose. The hero, who progresses from repairman to executive vice president, is named Howard Ormsby. Part Candide, part Buster Keaton, he is loosed in a land where every pratfall is followed by a commercial. Author Crittenden's best effects are gained through a sort of contrapuntal dialogue. One of Howard's loves tells him the story of her life, including the part about her older brother, who was hit by an automobile. "It was terrible," she says. "The driver couldn't stop because he was competing in a Mobigas Economy Run." "Try not to think about it," says Howard.

In Anaheim, Calif., Howard and his date are kidnapped by an ice-pick-wielding sex maniac who gets so thoroughly lost on the Ventura Freeway that he has to return home for a road map. He then mumbles to his captives, "Listen, I'm going to have to stay and have dinner. Mother's been keeping a plate warm for me in the oven."

Howard proves to be executive material, becoming expert at self-effacing

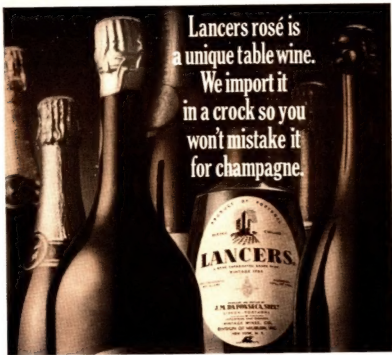
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chuckles and patterning his sales messages on the speeches of Richard Nixon. He moves on from Fraser-Blau to the folks at Ritter Pfaud, from the Zayre Corp. to the Udylite people, finally reaching zenith with the "management group of Mr. Grunewald's organization, a firm widely respected for its pioneering work in the development of inert ingredients."

Girls abound, and Howard becomes involved with Felicia, the secretary of a fellow executive. His subsequent neglect of his own secretary drives the poor girl to drink and dismissal. Even worse is the confrontation with the deceived colleague, the office cuckold. He knows all, the poor fellow announces, and he feels he must switch jobs, joining an outfit in Kansas City. "I can't stay here," he says tragically. "Not now."

Author Crittenden, 29, is a Phi Beta Kappa from Kansas University and has written short stories for *The New Yorker* and the *Atlantic*. His literary ancestors range from Nathanael West to Terry Southern to Nichols and May, but he has his own deadpan wit and a wildly antic eye.

THE SYMBOL
by ALVAH BESSIE



"SYMBOL" DUST JACKET
Trash canny.

Into the Valley

THE SYMBOL by Alvah Bessie. 305 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

This is a novel about the late Marilyn Monroe that unctuously professes to be about someone named Wanda Oliver. The cast of characters is identical with the people in Monroe's life—only their professions are sometimes different. Where Marilyn successively married a policeman, a pro baseball player and a writer, Wanda marries a sailor, a pro football player and an artist. The dust jacket crows that Bessie, a former Hollywood screenwriter, has "in an uncanny way" entered into his heroine's mind and heart. On the contrary. In a very canny way, Bessie has entered the valley of the dolls, where big money rewards trash.

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